

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats, Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets, Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out
BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

I MEAN BUSINESS

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you can buy elsewhere in the country.

VERY TRULY YOURS

MARLINTON, W. VA.

S. W. HOLT.

Looking Backward
—MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME,

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the population of this county will all have become convinced that at my establishment is the best place to buy anything in the mercantile line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

YOU MUST EAT!

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS,
REASONABLE PRICES

—APPEAL TO YOU—

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

{West End
of Bridge.

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

West Virginia Catholics to
Have an Official Paper.

We print the following notice, of
especial interest to Catholics, by
request of Rev. O. H. Moye, of
Wheeling:

A new church paper has made
its appearance before the public. It has assumed the name of *The Church Calendar of West Virginia*. It is made up of a Calendar of the religious feasts celebrated in the Catholic Church, little items of news concerning church affairs in West Virginia, and other small articles that would interest members of the Catholic Church. The first number also contains a directory of the churchees, missions, and stations, as also the clergy of the Diocese. The paper is printed in Wheeling, and its headquarters are at the Cathedral.

PATTERSON SIMMONS
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Plasterer and Contractor.
Work done on short notice.

FEED, LIVERY
—AND—

SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle-
Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR
STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses boarded.

All persons having horses to trade
are invited to call. Young horses bro-
ken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON
Marlinton, W. Va.

NOTICE! I will offer for sale or
rent, my store-house
and lot at Lobelia. A first class stand
for a store. No opposition. Seven
miles from Academy, and ten from
Renick's Valley. Four miles from
turnpike, and near the line of the B. &
O. R. R. survey. A charming town.
Lobelia, W. Va.

W. B. HILL.

W. H. Hill v. E. M. Brown, dis-
missed adjourned.

W. A. Bratton, Trustee, v. Wm.
S. Burr et al., answers of defendants

D. W. Sharp v. Silas Barker, re-
ferred to, W. A. Bratton, Commis-
sioner.

A. C. Wooddell v. F. H. Chap-
man, cause revived.

R. S. Rucker v. John M. Wil-
tong, decree of sale of land.

Sam'l H. Scott, appointed com-
missioner in chancery.

S. W. Holt v. Beverly Waugh,
referred to commissioner S. B.
Scott.

J. C. Arbogast admr. of Peter
Beverage v. J. McKinnison, decree
for plaintiff for \$11.59 and costs.

E. O. Moore v. F. K. Moore,
omitted from docket.

Rachel Beverage v. Hugh Mc-
Laughlin, answer to supplemental
bill filed.

Andrew C. Wooddell admr. v.
Andrrw C. Wooddell's Heirs, referred
to commissioner Bratton.

McAllister v. Lardy, and Augusta
National Bank v. Lardy etc. de-
cree entered and cause ended.

K. S. Fultz v. G. W. Beverage,
referred to commissioner Scott.

Wm. A. Parsons v. A. Combs,
decree of sale entered.

Joe. V. Cackley v. James T.
Rose, decree of sale entered.

Jacob Piles v. John Piles, and
E. P. G. Sharp v. H. S. Rucker,
order speeding cause entered.

Daniel O'Connell v. The Cum-
berland Lumber Company answer
of defendants filed.

Lyons McKee & Co., v. F. C.
Vandervort, cause retired objected.

N. Frank & Sons v. E. I. Holt,
consent decreentered the creditors
accepting 50 cents.

Bruffey's admr. v. Bruffey's
Heirs, referred to commissioner
Bratton.

Geo. C. Hill's admr. v. Geo. C.
Hill's Heir's, special commissioner
directed to execute order of Octo-
ber term 1894.

Daniel Miller & Co., v. Wm. C.
Coulter, decree of sale.

Eliart Joyner & Co., v. J. W.
Riley, referred to commissioner
Scott.

Cumberland Lumber Co. v. O'
Connell, injunction dissolved as to
Harvey Kerens, B. F. White, and
Samuel Cline.

State of West Virginia v. One
Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres
in the matter of Forfeited Lands,
referred to commissioner McNeil.

Same v. Joseph Pennell, and
others, decree of sale of tract of 50
acres.

B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of
School Lands, reports twenty-two
tracts of waste and unappropriate
lands in this county.

Levi Gay v. William Skeen, and
others, etc., decree of sale, and de-
cree entered for distribution of the
fund according to commissioner
McClinic's report, no. 4.

John Galford v. W. W. Galford,
and others, decree entered pro-
nouncing plaintiff's title to land
under will absolute, clearing his
title.

M. Shackman v. C. B. Swecker,
answer of defendant filed.

Gibson's Administrator v. Gib-
son's Heirs, decree of sale of lands
ordered.

Coulter v. Coulter, a suit for di-
vorce and alimony, dismissed.

W. A. Bratton, Trustee, v. Burr,
answers filed.

Cumberland Lumber Company
v. O'Connell, answers filed.

Witz, Biedler & Co. v. Herold &
Moore, etc., referred to commis-
sioner Scott.

Skeen's Adm'r. v. McGraw, sale
confirmed to John T. McGraw.

Levi Gay v. J. B. Lockridge, an-
swer of Mrs. L. B. Lockridge filed.

Levi Gay v. John Galford, an-
swer filed.

INDICTMENTS.

State v. Alex. Armstrong, Felony,
Frank Cumberland,

two cases against both.

Alex. Armstrong, carrying
deadly weapons, 2 cases. Frank
Cumberland same.

State v. Charles Slavin, Felony.

Andrew Kellison,

R. S. Fertig, selling liquor,

William Gragg,

Ephraim Vandervander,

Minor Vandervander,

Frank Jackson, Jo Dilley, Jr.

misdemeanor

Ed Young,

7 cases.

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substances. It is a harmless antiseptic for Paroxysm, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Newborn, cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulence. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. O. Osborn,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, sugar syrup and other harsh agents down their throats, thereby sealing them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kinnison,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I consider it as superior to any preparation known to me."

H. A. Jacobs, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brookline, Mass.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their private practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular practice, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to like with those upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Century Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

Waverley BICYCLES.

Are the Highest of All
High Grades



Wanted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Makers.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prominent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of these wheels:

RICHMOND, Va., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind.:

GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorch and Belle came to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have sent us the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to tell us this wheel retails for \$85. We must say that it is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it weighs only 22 lbs., for of all Waverleys we have sold this year and last (and you know that is a right good number), we have never had a single frame nor fork broken, either from accident or defect, and that is more than we can say of any other wheel, however

detachable tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.

Yours truly, WALTER C. MEERS & CO.

A - GOOD - AGENT - WANTED.

In every town a splendid business
awaits the right man. Get our
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

IT TICKLES YOU
THE INSTANT RELIEF YOU GET FROM
LIGHTNING HOT DROPS.

CURES Colic, Cramps, Diarrhea, Flux,
Cholera Morbus, Nausea, Changes of Water, etc.
HEALS Cuts, Bumps, Bruises, Scratches,
Bites of Animals, Serpents, Bugs, etc.
BREAKS UP Bad Colds, La Grippe, Inflammation,
Croup, Sore Throat, etc.
SMELLS GOOD, TASTES GOOD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25¢ AND 50¢ PER BOTTLE. NO RELIEF, NO PAY.

HERB MEDICINE CO. (Formerly of Weston, W. Va.) SPRINGFIELD, O.

The Confederate Veteran
and the
Pocahontas Times, \$1.65.

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 38.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judges of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell, Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic, Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast, Deputy Sheriff, R. E. Burns, Clerk County Court, S. L. Brown, Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson, Assessor, C. O. Arbogast, Commissioner Co Court, C. E. Beard, G. M. Kee, A. Barlow, County Surveyor, George Baxter, Coroner, George P. Moore, County Board of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeal, J. C. Arbogast, Justice, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock, Charles Cook, H. H. Gross, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown, Damore, G. R. Curry, Academy, Thomas Bruffey, Lebella.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is every term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,

DENTIST,

MONTREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of each visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in The Times.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office, next door to H. A. Young's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. GARNETT, M. D.

HAS LOCATED AT

FAIRFAX, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a recent article in *The Forum* entitled "What I would do with the tariff if I was tsar," advances the novel idea, and it is the main thought of the whole paper, that only the rich and luxurious class uses imported articles, and that this class likes to have the supplies used by them high, and out of reach of the common herd, in fact, making price a great object. He says further that the goods of the laboring class are manufactured in America almost exclusively, and proves it by figures. A comparatively small part of the revenue of the tariff is imposed upon articles of consumption which rich and poor must use alike, such as sugar. As there are two institutions benefitted by the tariff, the government, which derives a revenue, and the manufacturer, who is afforded protection, Mr. Carnegie very conclusively proves that of money caused to be paid by a tariff the rich pay theirs into the treasury at Washington, and the poor into the pockets of the manufacturer. Never before the perusal of that article had we realized that we did not directly support the government with the mite that we contributed every year by reason of high prices, but it seems as though we poor people were one degree removed from this honorable position, for we have first to make some manufacturer rich and through this medium we will get our money into the treasury to be judiciously expended by some fifty-odd Congress. That the products of the home manufacturer are higher on account of the fostering of a protective tariff, we take as granted, and that nothing but the very best fabrics are imported we very well know. There is one topic of the tariff question of which writers are very shy of speaking, and that is, what makes a tariff necessary? To get at the root of the disease we must attack the cause, and every statesman heretofore, who has turned his thoughts in that direction, has decided that the ailment was well-nigh incurable, because the cause, expenditure, could not be removed.

So it is that, what should be an all-wise government, for the sake of raising a comparatively small sum from the rich for revenue, has put the masses at such a disadvantage with the manufacturer that he is able to extract a sum from the lower and middle classes infinitely greater than the selfish government receives for its expenses. Even our own Hon. William L. Wilson introduced into Congress a bill referred to by Bourke Cochrane as the "most damnable protective measure yet introduced," and we will need a Tsar while a Congress remains in power which is afraid to remove the cause of a war-tariff—unnecessary expenditure.

GEORGE ARKLE, a justice of Wheeling, has been cleared of charges of larceny, in North Carolina, by a decision of the Supreme Court of that State. Two years ago Mr. Arkle was traveling in North Carolina, and found a pocket book containing \$140 in money and checks of \$3,700. He hunted up the owner and demanded a reward of \$200. The owner offered him \$140, and over this they differed. Arkle was then arrested and convicted in the lower court. On an appeal, conducted by Col. Arkle, he was exonerated in every way.

Of course there are many people who cannot save, but there are more who do not save because they think they cannot. What we have said is for the benefit of the one class, who are apt to ascribe their difficulties to any cause rather than to the real one. For the last class we can have nothing but

Small Savings.

Shall we be pardoned for repeating the old Scottish proverb that "many a little makes a mickle?" It is so true in its teachings of thrift that it ought to be impressed upon every person, young and old, for no one is too old to begin to save. The basis of the prosperity of the French people is their thrift. Of course not, every French man and woman saves and puts by something, but the practice is nearly universal. It seems true, also, that those who earn the least, and who are forced to pinch and screw the hardest to give themselves food, shelter and clothing of some sort, form the great saving class.

At the end of 1893 the public and private savings-banks of French had more than eight million depositors, and the amount standing to their credit was three and three-quarters billion francs. Yet this vast sum—about equal to the net public debt of the United States—was made up of little accounts which average but four hundred and sixty francs, or nine-and-a-half dollars each.

To save money is one of the lessons taught in French schools. A savings-bank book, with a small sum to the credit of the owner, is a prize commonly given to the bright pupil; in cases when an American school would give the money outright, or a book, or a bicycle. Moreover, millions of French people who do not trust the banks have money saved in old stockings and in discarded teapots. The accumulation of saving by a community is doubly beneficial. The person who saves has something laid by "for a rainy day," and the community has a fund which can be lent at home. Where savings-banks exist and are generally patronized it is not necessary for the people to look to capitalists in other states for money to be borrowed on mortgage at exorbitant rates. They can borrow of the local bank, and can have the satisfaction of feeling that the interest they pay goes to their own neighbors.

This has been the experience not only in the large cities of the Eastern States, but also in the factory towns where savings-banks are established, and where a vast majority of the depositors are the "hands," who work for an average wage of not much more than a dollar a day.

In some parts of the country—

possible the form of endeavor is more common than we suppose it to be—there a systematic effort to teach the poorest people to save. We have in mind a friendly society made up of ladies each one of whom has taken under her oversight three or four families in which the father is a drunkard, or the mother a widow, or where there are many young children.

The lady visits each family once a week, makes all its members her friends, and encourages them to save something and to entrust it to her. Ten cents, or a quarter, any thing which the family can spare, is accepted. A careful account is kept, and when the coal supply runs short there is money on hand to pay for it.

We know of an Irish family, consisting of a widow and five or six very young children, who were receiving pauper relief at the time this system was applied to their case, and who are now almost independent. The boys are doing well, earn their own living, and supply their mother. Moreover, they have learned to save. The mother no longer needs the weekly visit, but she still sends her savings to the lady who first had charge of her case.

Of course there are many people who cannot save, but there are more who do not save because they think they cannot. What we have said is for the benefit of the one class, who are apt to ascribe their difficulties to any cause rather than to the real one. For the last class we can have nothing but

sympathy, and a wish for better times and circumstances.

If all who can save were to do so, and were to mass their savings for the common good, they would deal the most effectual blow possible at the power of the great capitalists, whose accumulations of wealth are believed by many persons to be one of the great dangers of the time.—*Exchange.*

Income Tax Upheld

With the exception of income derived from rent of real estate and municipal bonds, two very important items, the Income Tax has been held to be constitutional. This decision marks an epoch in American history, and in the annals of the future will be given a prominent place, especially will this be true if we are on the eve of some great society event, as so many think. We give the opinion *verbatim.*

THE COURT'S CONCLUSION.

(In *Charles Pollock vs. the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, et al.*) It is established:

1. That by the Constitution Federal taxation is divided into two great classes: Direct taxes and duties, imports and excises.

2. That the imposition of direct taxes is governed by the rule of apportionment among the several States, according to numbers, and the imposition of duties, imports and excises by the rule of uniformity throughout the United States.

3. That the principle that taxation and representation go together was intended to be and was preserved in the constitution by the establishment of the rule of apportionment among the several States so that such apportionment should be according to numbers in each State.

4. That the States surrendered their power to levy imposts and to regulate commerce to the General Government and gave it the concurrent power to levy direct taxes in reliance on the protection afforded by the rules prescribed, and that the compromise of the Constitution cannot be disturbed by legislative action.

5. That these conclusions result from the text of the Constitution and are supported by the historical evidences furnished by the circumstances surrounding the framing and adoption of that instrument and the views of those who framed and adopted it.

6. That the understanding and expectation at the time of the adoption of the Constitution was that direct taxes would not be levied by the General Government except under the pressure of extraordinary exigency, and such has been the practice down to Aug. 15, 1894. If the power to do so is to be exercised as an ordinary and usual means of supply, that fact furnishes an additional reason for circumspection in disposing of the present case.

7. The taxes on real estate belong to the class of direct taxes, and that the taxes on the rent or income of real estate, which is the incident of its ownership, belong to the same class.

8. That by no previous decision of this court has this question been adjudicated to the contrary of the conclusions now announced.

9. That so much of the act of Aug. 15, 1894, as attempts to impose a tax upon real estate without apportionment is invalid.

The court is further of opinion that the act of Aug. 15, 1894, is invalid so far as it attempts to levy a tax upon the income derived from municipal bonds. As a municipal corporation is the representative of the State and one of the instrumentalities of the State Government the property and revenues of municipal corporations are not the subjects of Federal taxation, nor is the income derived from State, county and municipal securities, since taxation on the interest therefrom operates on the power to borrow before it is exercised and has a sensible influence on the contract, and therefore such a tax is a tax on the power of the States and their instrumentalities to borrow money, and consequently repugnant to the constitution.

The "Sons of the Revolution" met at Fairmont lately. It is an organization to which any one who is a lineal descendant of a Revolutionary soldier is eligible for membership. The West Virginia Society was organized last year, and many of the most prominent men of the State are enrolled as members.

Oscar Wilde's plays have all been tabooed and have been withdrawn from the stage in the State.

LOVE'S PARTING.

"Farewell, farewell!" We breathe the word
That tells us where our paths must part,
Our hearts with deep distress are stirred,
And leadless toils and sorrows start.
But through the world shall roll between,
With happiness and mountains high,
Through death itself shall intervene;
Our hearts can never say "good-by."
We have so twined the sigh and song,
So closely wreathed the thorns and flow-
ers.
Till to our souls conjoined bearing
The skin and shadow of the hours.
We treaded we in sight and sound,
In dust and dream, in earth and sky—
Each life lies to the other bound.
Our hearts can never say "good-by."
The happy fields, the brooks, the birds,
The hills white and roses red,
All they have listened to our words
As from our eyes the truth has sped,
And now we reach the moment when
Our heavy hearts to anguish sigh
"Farewell until we meet again!"
But they can never say "good-by."
—Nikon Waterman.

AN ODD NEIGHBOR.

BY CHARLES G. ANTHONY.



HERE was a strange silence everywhere, as is not uncommon in the month of August, for now the promises of summer have been made good, and the world is at rest. Not a leaf stirred, and, except the plaintive note of some far-off bird, I could hear only my own footfalls. The trees and fields and shaded winding lane were as I had seen them last, when darkness about them in, but now, in the early morning, it seemed as if the sun had brought sad tidings. It has always appeared to me that August days are days for retrospection, and that the mind is super-sensitive at such a time. It takes notice of those things which in the hurry and clatter of June are overlooked. This is no mere whim, and on this occasion the effect was to convince me that something unusual had happened or was about to occur. It is not an uncommon experience. Premonitions are too frequent to be lightly treated as mere coincidences. It was this clearly premonitory action that made the world seem to me completely at rest. There are matter-of-fact folks who would testily remark, "Dyspepsia;" there are people of excellent intentions who persistently blunder.

I had heard of an oaken chest, with huge brass clamps, and to-day set out to find it. There was not a wagon to be seen when I turned from the lane into the township road, and so I had the dusty highway to myself, a furthering of my fancy. Even more lonely was the wood-road into which I turned, and of late it had been so little used, it was as much the meeting-ground of bird-life as of humanity. Everywhere it was shaded by oaks of great age or by elms under which the moss had grown since colonial days. Along this ancient way the rambler has little to remind him of the changes wrought in the passing century. What few houses are passed in the course of a long walk are old-time structures, and more than one has been abandoned. The reason was plain; the land is poor, and whatever improvements were held out to the original settlers had not been continued to the fifth and sixth generations. Still, not all the tract had reverted to forest. A little garden-plot about each of the cottages that were occupied was still held back, by spade and hoe, from the encroachments of wild growth, and in the last cottage to be reached, surrounded by every feature of an old-fashioned garden, lived Silas Crabtree. As a child I had feared him, and now I both disliked and admired him, why—as is so often the case—I could not tell.

The man and his home were not unlike. The cottage was a long, low building, one and a half stories high. A window on each side of the door barely showed beneath the projecting eaves of a narrow porch extending the full length of the front. There was a single step from the porch to the ground. From the roof projected two equal dormer windows. The shingles were darkened by long exposure, and patches of moss grew about the eaves. This was like this. The windows and door and long low steps recalled his eyes, nose and mouth, overgrown by his projecting brows and unshaven hair, that were well represented by the cottage roof with its moss and dormers. So for the house and its solitary master, but the eyes well with its long sweep, the stamp of life, the spreading roots with initials and long years ago—these were a power.

While the day was yet young, I passed by, and Silas was sitting on the porch. The quiet of that month of August was unbroken. The man was sleeping soundly the grass, but was moist, a long sparrow was perched on the exposed eaves of a dead specimen, and did not sing, a string of swallows was just now returning to perch above. Looking more closely, then over the shoulders of the morning, I

strode to break the spell by shouting, with unnecessary emphasis: "Good-morning, Uncle Silas." With a sudden start the old man looked up and stared wildly about him. Straightway the catbird chirped, the sparrow sang, and from over the tree-tops came the welcome cawing of the crows. Even a black cat came from the house and rubbed its arched back against Silas's knee. The spell was broken, and the old man growled (for he could not talk as other men): "I'm glad you've come."

"Oh, I was only passing by; were you asleep?"

"Sleepin' or not, I was thinkin' of you. Come in."

Stepping rather reluctantly into the yard, I sat down on the floor of the porch near Silas—for he did not offer to get me a chair—and waited for him to speak.

"As a boy," said Silas, in softer tones than I had ever heard before, "you had a grudge again' me, as your father had again' mine, and your grandpa again' mine, and so on away back. It never showed much, that I know of, but the faelin' was there; and yet we started even, for my folks came from England a long ago as youn. I know now how it all came about. It's down in some old papers in the desk that I've had a man come and go over. It's plain now why folks never set store by the Crabtrees; but it's all right, and soon the ground will be cleared for something better than Crabtree to grow on."

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked, purposefully interrupting the old man, thinking he might be merely working on the effects of too frequent potations—a no uncommon occurrence.

"Can't you wait till you find out? I've had a man here, I say, who could do the writin' and read the old papers. That's enough for that. Now, it was this way. Away back, the old Crabtree of them days had a notion of thinkin' for himself, and, foolish-like, sayin' what he thought. So the Friends, as they call themselves, made him write out why he did this and said that, but it went for nothin', and they turned him out o' meetin'. You'll find the same in the meetin' records as you will in there." And Silas pointed his thumb over his shoulder, towards the house. Even this slight movement was made with some effort; but it was evident that Silas had not been drinking.

"Before all this happened," the old man continued, after a long pause, "the Crabtrees were all right. Away back, they were looked at for their shade and shape and sweet-smellin' blossoms and all that; but after the racket, then it was only the sour crab-apples that people could see, and this worked again' the young folks and pulled 'em down. Perhaps you don't see what I'm drivin' at, but—"

"Don't see!" I exclaimed: "Uncle Silas, you're a poet, a regular poet."

"A what?" Silas asked, with a faint attempt at smiling. "You've called me many a name in your day, like all the rest of 'em, but never that afore this, that I know." "I mean to be complimentary," I replied, but with some confusion, seeing, as I had often done before, what mischievous larks in ill-timed polysyllables.

"Worse and worse, with your long words; but let me do the talkin'. My folks didn't clear out after the fuss, as they ought to have done, but held on and worked their way, as they'd a right to do. Perhaps it was a bad thing they didn't go to church when they stopped goin' to meetin'; I don't know; but they lost headway, with the Quakers again' 'em. It soured, of course, the first of the Crabtrees, and the later ones got a deal more gnarly and bitter, till it came down to me, with little more'n human shape; and now it's the end of us. There's no Crabtree besides me, and I wanted to get things in shape, for there's some would like the old cottage that ain't goin' to get it. I don't know that there's any more to tell you." And Silas looked out towards the road and into the woods upon its other side.

I kept my seat. I could not do otherwise. The Silas of to-day was not he whom I had known in years past. Although there was no evidence of it in the old man's words, I was convinced he had reference to me as his heir, but what of that? He might change his mind a dozen times, for he was not so very, very old—not much, if any, over eighty, and what, indeed, had he to leave?

Many minutes passed, and then, as I made a slight movement, merely to change my position, Silas spoke in the same strangely softened voice. "Don't go, don't go; there's one thing more." He suddenly paused, and stared with a wild look, directly at me. The silence was painful; his strange appearance more so. In a moment the truth flashed upon me: he was dead.

I was not surprised to learn, immediately after the funeral, that I had been left the sole heir of the man whose death I had witnessed; but it was not an altogether pleasant discovery. I had learned, too, that it was my own ancestor who had been most active in the various persecutions, and it was with no pleasure that I recalled the past as I took formal possession of the cottage and its contents, coloring the hours for the last over the memories of the morning.

time in my life. To cross the threshold was to step backward into colonial times. How true it is that it needs at least a century to mellow a house and make it faintly comparable to out-of-doors!

The half-way of the Crabtree cottage was neither short nor narrow, but you got that impression from its low ceiling and the dark wooden walls, which time had almost blackened. Lifting a stout wooden latch, I passed into the living-room, with its ample open fireplace, long unused, for a little airtight stove had done duty for both cooking and heating for many years. This was the only innovation; all else was as when its first occupant had moved into the "new" house and given over the log hut to other uses. The high-backed settle, the quaint, claw-footed chairs, a home-made table, with bread-trough underneath, seemed never to have been moved from their places since Silas's mother died. These made less impression than would otherwise have been the case, because with them was the old desk to which Silas had referred. It was a bureau with five brass-handled drawers, and above them the desk proper, concealed by a heavy, sloping lid. The dark wood had still a fine polish, and the lid was neatly ornamented with an inlaid star of holly wood. It, with the three-plumed mirror on the wall above it, was the eclipsing feature of the room. All else, well enough in its way, seemed commonplace. Drawing a chair in front of the desk, I sat down to explore it, but was bewildered at the very outset. Lowering the lid, the many pigeon-holes, small drawers and inner apartment closed by a carved door, took me too much by surprise to let me be methodical. Everywhere were old, stained papers and parchments, some very old the ink had faded from them; but there was no disorder. At last, knowing it was no time to dream, I drew out a bundle of papers from a pigeon-hole, and noticed in doing so that a strip of carved wood, which I had taken for ornament, slightly moved.

It proved to be a long and very narrow drawer, and this again had a more carefully hidden compartment in the back, as a narrow line in the wood showed. Peering into this, I found a scrap of paper so long and closely folded that it fell apart when opened; but the writing was still distinct. It was as follows: "It is his Excellency's, General Howe's, express order, that no person shall injure Silas Crabtree in his person or property." It was duly signed, countersigned, and dated December 9, 1776. So Silas, the great-grandfather, had been a Tory! I was prepared now for revelations of any kind. To look quietly over papers, one at a time, was too prosy an occupation, and the suggestion that there might be more secret drawers was followed until every nook and cranny had been laid bare, and there were many of them.

Silas, in anticipation of just an occurrence as I have described, had placed a roll of papers so prominently in the desk that I naturally took it up with a serious purpose. The modern red tape with which it was tied gave it an appearance of importance above the others. These time-stained sheets contained his ancestor's version of the trouble with his coreligionists, and I soon found it was most unpleasant reading. My own ancestor had been an unrelenting persecutor, and, in the name of religion, the cause of all the Crabtree troubles; and now the last of his race had taken this strange revenge, telling me the novelties of why his people had been nobodies of the backwoods and my people dwellers in fat land. It was some satisfaction to know that the two families were not related, but, reading on and on as fast as the crude writing permitted decipherment, I learned that a marriage, generations ago, had been contemplated, and successfully thwarted by the father of the would-be bride. Nothing but ill luck of it, and the rest we know. The wit of the Crabtree had not quite died out, but shouldered like the burning of damp wood, never receiving the quickening of education, and ever struggling against the curse of alcohol.

It was a sad story; too sad to contemplate, this dreamy August day. Closing the desk, I sat by the open fireplace, as if watching the blazing log of midwinter. As silent now indoors as out, and every object about me suggesting myself as the cause of infinite trouble, I grew desperate, and, for more light, a bit of sunshine, threw open the solid shutter of the little south window. The bright yellow beams were magical. What a strange little window it was! Three of the eight small panes were replaced by paper, and the others were all dimmed by decomposition that made the glass prismatic. Through them no object could be plainly seen. Every tree and bush was broken and distorted. The world was all askew as seen through the cracked and warped glass; as much goes wrong as in reality it had been to the Crabtree.

Though not half explored, I went from the house to the porch, that I might return from the past to the present. How hot and steamy were the big woods and the sun might gleaming in sight! The chinking rattle of the woodchips cracked was the only sound. I gladly returned to the old

fireplace, although it was mid-August, and then to the desk, putting on some show of rationality, for Crabtree's lawyer was expected. I soon made a fire in the little stove to warm the lunch I had brought, and, after an attempt at eating, awaited the man's coming, with pipe and coffee.

A rattle of wheels, a click of the rickety old gate's latch, and a knock at the door, quickly followed each other, and without ceremony the lawyer appeared. With a coolness, precision, and dry-as-dust manner that soothed my fretted nerves, he proceeded to business, and did what little was to be done. Some papers which he had taken away he returned; and then, his whole manner changing, he actually smiled, lit a cigar, filled with a true lazy man's twist the single easy-chair, and handed me a bit of paper, saying, "This Silas asked me to hand to you, fearing it might be overlooked if left in the desk."

I took it with some distrust, but could not fathom its meaning. The characters had been printed by Silas and the words phonetically spelled. It was a puzzle, and I was in no humor to guess its meaning.

"What is it, anyway?" I asked.

"That's plain enough," the lawyer replied; "it reads, 'Do as you'd be done by.' "—Lippincott's Magazine.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Schnebile, the new explosive, is composed chiefly of chlorate of potash.

Hiram S. Maxim has already expended \$85,000 upon his flying machine.

Astronomers claim that there are over 17,500,000 comets in the solar system alone.

A bat can absorb and digest in one night three times the weight of its own body. Bats never have more than two little ones at a time.

General Mercier, French Minister of War, has authorized the use in the French army of the recently discovered anti-diphtheric serum.

The width of the Atlantic could be reduced one-half by lowering itadepth 6564 feet. By lowering it three miles one could walk from Newfoundland to Ireland.

A scientist proves that typhoid and cholera bacilli or germs will live many weeks in a vacuum, and can endure some five or more months of complete dryness.

There are ten miles of pneumatic tubes in the streets of Chicago. They are used to deliver messages from the telegraph offices and office of the Associated Press to the newspapers and City Hall.

Simultaneous photographs at points distant from each other have already yielded information as to the height of meteors above the earth's surface, this being shown to be from sixty-five to forty-five miles.

According to Dr. Chalmers's researches, the mean duration of life at birth—based upon the mortality experience of Glasgow during the ten years 1881-'90—is 36.4 years, 35.2 for males and 37.7 for females.

Professor Agassiz indicates the growth of reefs at Key West, Fla., at the rate of six inches in one hundred years, and adds that if we doubled that amount it would require seven thousand years to form the reefs in that place, and hundreds of thousands of years for the growth of Florida.

Of the hundred thousand plants catalogued by botanists only one-tenth part have appreciable odors. Of fifty specimens of mignonette, that of our garden is the only scented one, and, of a hundred varieties of the violet, only twelve have the exquisite perfume that is so popular. In general the proportion of fragrant to odorless flowers is about one per cent.

Any one living exclusively on potatoes would consume forty grammes of potash salts per day, which explains why we always require salt whenever we eat potatoes. All vegetable foods are rich in potash; and it is a fact that people in the country districts use more salt than the inhabitants of towns and cities, where more meat is eaten. In France the country people use three times more salt than the town people.

Submarine Torpedo.

Seymour Allan, a resident of Sydney, has invented a submarine torpedo boat, which, he claims, is capable of sinking to any depth, and of traveling rapidly under water without revealing its presence. A working model of the boat was tried in the public baths at Sydney, New South Wales, in the presence of the Earl of Hopetoun, the governor, the naval commandant, and a number of naval and military officers. The experiments were a complete success, the model rising, sinking, turning, reversing, or remaining stationary in obedience to the electric current by which it is worked. The inventor claims that a full-sized boat would be capable of remaining under water for three days. It would carry torpedoes on the bow and stern decks.—Scientific American.

In Italy the Senate consists of princes of royal blood, and an unlimited number of members appointed by the King for life. In 1890 there were 100 members. Wheat has never been so cheap before within the memory of living men. The odd thing is, we do not feel our bakers' bills any smaller.—New York World.

DON'T FRET.

Are your enemies at work?
Don't fret.
They can't injure you a whit;
If you heed them not a bit
They will soon be glad to quit.

Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told?
Don't fret.
It will run itself to death.
As the ancient sage said,
And will die for want of breath.
Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot?
Don't fret.
Fortune's wheel keeps turning 'round—
Every spoke shall touch the ground,
All in time shall upward bound.
Don't fret.

—Ram's Horn.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

In golf society people think they have found the missing links.—Statesman.

A genius is a man who does something that others say cannot be done.—Ram's Horn.

Most people eat as if they were fattening themselves for the market.—Atchison Globe.

It sounds rather odd to read in the hardware market report that cutlery is dull.—Truth.

Woman is always pleased with the last new wrinkle, provided it is not on her own face.—Fuck.

Cashier—"We never pay bills on Saturdays." Shorts—"But my name is not Bill."—Chicago Record.

The trouble with most people's economy is that they don't save any money by it.—Atchison Globe.

A man should have no secrets from his wife except surprises he is getting up for her birthday.—Atchison Globe.

She looked a perfect poem.
With that winking face of hers;
But, when I tried to kiss her, she
Proved not at all averse.—Fuck.

There is a certain kind of charity that would attach balloons to birds of the air, that they might be saved from fatigue.—Fuck.

A girl always likes to find a man after her own heart; because what is the good of a fellow who is after some other girl's heart?—Truth.

Caller—"Can I see Miss Snugger?" Servant—"She's engaged, sir." Caller—"Of course she is, and I'm the man she's engaged to."—Vick's Monthly.

Tell us not in mournful numbers.
Life is but an empty dream.
When to pay the cost can ill afford.
All the winter we must scheme.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It is more romantic and better for the digestion to sleep with wedding cake under the pillow than to try to sleep with it in the stomach.—Atchison Globe.

Caller—"Do you notice any difference since the doctor treated your eyes?" "Yes; I can see a fifty-dollar bill without my glasses now."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"This is my first experience as a steeple chaser," murmured the Kansas farmer as he whirled through the air just behind the fragments of the village church.—Yale Record.

Friend—"Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?" Ethel (enthusiastically)—"It's simply delightful. We've been married a week and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time."—Fun.

Mr. Strongmind—"If women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage." Dr. Guffy—"But, madam, that is something they can't do, with the present styles in sleeves."—Harper's Bazaar.

Employer—"How did you break that vase?" Office Boy—"I had it in my hand when I heard your bell ring and dropped it,

DR. BILL'S BILL

DOCTOR'S APPETITE

where to tell not only men health but also that of my whole family. A friend in a house of my poor health advised me to see Dr. Bill's Remedy. After two bottles a great change in my health was noticed. I do not have that tired feeling, no pain in the stomach, especially after eating, and in fact I feel like a new person and had no more pain in life. Every member of my family is using Dr. Bill's Remedy, and with benefit results. If I may speak week. Dr. Bill's

SARON- PARILLA CURES

Brooklyn, New York.

25 cents

ADVERTISERS.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PRICE, EDITOR
Marlinton, Friday, April 19, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$1.00 will be charged.

Received at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

PEACE has practically been consummated between Japan and China.

THE income tax has been through the mill and has come out badly injured. It seems a foolish quibble for the court to say that an income derived by the means of rent from real estate and interest on municipal bonds should not be taxed, while an income derived from any other source should be. This defeats the law in a great measure and makes it unjust even as among the rich themselves. All the immense wealth represented by the great city buildings go free, and some millionaires who were thought our lawful prey, are saved from their just deserts at the people's hands by the Supreme Court. If anybody owes anything to our great government for protection to property, it is the owner of real property in the seaboard cities.

LAST week the progress of the State was marked by the issue of the first number of the *Journal of Commerce* of Grafton. It is a monthly periodical of the magazine order. No style of journal could be more appropriately established in the rapidly developing State of West Virginia. In it will be found news of mineral and lumber interests; railway projections; manufacturing reports; and of all that goes to make up a busy country. We spontaneously recommend this monthly to those of our readers who wish for reliable news of the matters which it reports. We clip the following items, having noticed the name of our town mentioned in them:

The Dry Fork of Cheat River Railroad will be completed in the near future to Marlinton, on the Greenbrier River, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, and then to the Chesapeake Railroad.

All arrangements have been made for the erection of a large Pulp Factory at Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, by Eastern capitalists. This with the many investments of monied men in this section will add much to the beautiful town of Marlinton.

Reversed.

The case of Dewing & Sons against Col. E. Hutton, in the Supreme Court of Appeals, from Randolph county, was handed down last Saturday, having been decided in Col. Hutton's favor. This suit has been pending several years, and involved immense interests. In the Circuit Court, judgment was given against the defendant, and an appeal was taken. The costs of the suit have been enormous and the record was one of the most voluminous ever submitted to the court. The decree of the circuit court was reversed and the cause remanded.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or by grazing or saltting stock on the mountain land belonging to the St. Lawrence Company, which adjoins my farm, and is now in my possession. W. L. HARPER, April 16, 1895.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

E. L. BEARD & CO.
Academy, W. Va.

The index of Marlinton cleared about \$30 at the festival given at the court-house on Wednesday evening.

For the Times.

Nonsense Rhyme.

She in cold blood, without excuse,
With our poor heart has played
the deuce!
She for her pleasure gave us pain,
Then told us that we came in vain.
Tired of life afraid of death,
Too sick to even draw our breath,
Oh! would that she could feel the
smart!

Which agonizes our poor heart.
Oh! would it was we were outlawed
And had the village overawed,
Then down we'd swoop with das-
tard hand,
And supplicate her for her hand,
When she accepted we'd be wed,
With pistols at the pastor's head,
We'd turn the preacher half-a-dime
And ask him for the correct time,
Then harkaway to some retreat,
And find, no doubt, "revenge is
sweet."

Furnishing the Court-Horse.

At a County Court held Saturday the contract for furniture for the new court-house was let to the Manly Manufacturing Company at \$2300. Two bids were in, the other bidder being Conant Brothers, of Toledo, Ohio, at \$2410. These bids were made on a schedule heretofore adopted by the County Court and furnished to both parties. It includes suitable and sufficient furniture for the rooms of the new building together with the furniture now on hand. The main court-room will be furnished with opera chairs and fittings for the bar.

The only other business transacted at this term of the Court was the letting the contract for the repairing of the Huntersville Bridge to J. A. Sharp, of Marlinton, for \$297.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Having decided to abandon the hotel business, and engage in other pursuits I will on Saturday,

APRIL 27, 1895

Sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at my residence in Marlinton my household and kitchen furniture, cook stove, heating stoves, carpets, mattresses, bed springs, some beds, and bedding, harness, saddles, farming implements, wagons, etc.

Terms reasonable and made known on day of sale. H. A. YEAGER.
April 17, 1895.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court convened and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

vs.

One hundred acres

and

Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia vs. One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st—Whether or not the two tracts set forth to the hill as waste and unappropriated lands, are really waste and unappropriated.

2d—if waste and unappropriated the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the POCOHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acres and 15 acres tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL,
Commissioner.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned firm will please take notice that they are hereby requested to come forward and settle up.

E. L. BEARD & CO.
Academy, W. Va.

The index of Marlinton cleared about \$30 at the festival given at the court-house on Wednesday evening.

Times office for job-work.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cackley's executor against Jas. T. Rose.

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cackley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A. D. Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. MCNEIL,
Special Commissioner.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law
J. H. PATTERSON,
1895.

Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Woodell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Woodell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Woodell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
1895.

Clerk.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHINNEBEERY,
2t., Clover Lick, W. Va.

LEADER 176.

FRENCH COACH STALLION (IMPORTED).

Black: foaled May 11, 1888; bred by M. Tribout, of Chateau de Almeneches, department of Orne; got by the government stallion Ciceron II; Dam, Paquerette (brown) by Omega out of a daughter of Hussin.

This horse, imported by M. W. Dunham, and owned by the undersigned company, will stand an early season in Pocahontas, at the following places, commencing about April 20th:

ACADEMY.....Joe McNeil's,
EDRAY.....S. B. Moore's,
(Possibly at CLOVER LICK.)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER CONCERNING "LEADER."

"This breed is conceded by all who are familiar with the subject to be the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horse. Recognizing these facts in my selections I have always refused animals whose pedigree, when analyzed, did not trace in all lines directly to the Oriental origin. In offering you the colt "Leader" I think I can safely say that no horse of any blood possesses a pedigree tracing through its different lines so many times to this highly prized blood as does "Leader." I am frank to say that I have never traced one that showed half as many. This colt traces 396 times to the Arab, 464 to the Barb, and 484 to the Turk. This statement may seem incredible to you. I have the documents to prove it, however. If I cannot substantiate all I say, the colt will not cost you a dollar. I venture to say that you cannot buy another colt in the United States, at any price, has one-twentieth the number of Arab crosses that this one possesses."

Yours very truly,
M. W. DUNHAM.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was "the best colt to sell him he had ever seen."

TRAPS, TO INSURE: One mare \$1.50, two mares, bred by same owner, \$1.50; three mares, bred by same owner, \$2.00.

GUARANTEE LIVESTOCK CO.

The Income Tax will be almost as effective as the Interstate commerce law.

Military Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Alaud Yeager will establish a first class military establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful style. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course in military, and will return with a complete line.

FEED, LIVERY AND SALE STABLES.

First-Rate Teams and Saddle- Horses Provided.

Horses for Sale and Hire.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR STALLIONS.

A limited number of Horses board

All persons having horses to trade are invited to call. Young horses broken to ride or work.

J. H. G. WILSON,
Marlinton W. Va.

E. H. Smith, PRESCRIPTION DRUGGIST,

Drugs, Paints and Oils,

Varnishes, Patent Medicines, etc., etc., etc.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours, day or night. A competent Pharmacist will have charge of the Prescription Department.

We invite everybody and promise close prices and polite attention.

At E. A. Smith & Son's Old Stand.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

Have Established a Firstclass

Harness and Saddlery Store and Shop,

AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of

HARNESS, SADDLES, CLO- LARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

THE UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Is fitted out with a complete stock of latest and best designs, and coffins can be furnished on short notice.

Successors of G. F. Grammett, who is employed by the firm.

C. B. SWECKER,

General Auctioneer

and Real Estate Agent.

I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber Lands, Farms and Town Lots a specialty. 31 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished. Postoffice—Dunmore, W. Va., or Alexander, W. Va.

EDBAY, W. Va.

All work guaranteed as to work-

ship, fit and leather.

Mending neatly done.

Give me a call.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—bottles come from the very first dose—it won't taste, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood Malaria, Nervous ailments Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. Our receipt of two x. stamps we will send set of *Tea Beautiful World's Fair Views* and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

We notice in the *Gloucest* that Hon. Geo. H. Elliott will start a Democratic paper soon, at Charleston.

Mott Walker, Esq., is busy assessing the personal property of the dry and Leile districts, as deputy of C. O. Arbogast.

At Staunton, Ben Hite was found guilty of the murder of Harry Weeks and sentenced to confinement in the penitentiary for twelve years.

Messrs. A. M. McLaughlin and M. D. McLaughlin brought a long drove of cattle to their place in Elk, from their Greenbrier arms this week.

The cattle are being driven to the grazing lands. Drovers are coming from Virginia and other points, and the bluegrass country of West Pocahontas will soon be full of stock cattle.

The rain that fell on night of the 7th of this month seemed to have been particularly heavy on the head waters of Elk and Valley Rivers, and those rivers were higher than they have been for years.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Warwick place near this town which is offered for rent. This is a finely improved farm, consisting of about two hundred acres of fine sod, and is in first class condition.

There is a report of general circulation that Pete Kramer, the main witness in the Collins murder case, was drowned between Marlinton and Boneeville. He started from this place on April 5th, in a slight skiff and has not been heard from since. Having word direct from Boneeville, we may safely say that the report has no truth in it.

In Charleston last week a bold Lochaber, Col. A. D. MacCorkle, brother of Governor MacCorkle, chartered a special train to carry he and his intended to Ohio when they were united in marriage. The lady was Miss Anna Comstock, a prominent society leader of Charleston. The elopement was quite a success, and a great improvement over the old-fashioned style riding horses to death through the mud.

Col. R. S. Turk, of Staunton, the owner of the old court-house building at Huttonsville, is actively engaged establishing a school at that place. The village of Huttonsville is admirably adapted to furnish the site of a good school, being beautifully situated and possessing suitable buildings for the accommodation of any number of students. The character of school Col. Turk has in mind is on the style of a normal, and destined to fit young men and women for the profession of teaching or for entering college, as well as to furnish a business course, with typewriting and stenography for those who desire it.

Now in the memory of man has the price of horses fallen so low. What with the electric and elevated railways, the advance of railroad development, the bicycle, and the increase of tramps, the horse is going to the wall. The supply is greater than the demand, and until this is adjusted, a process which is going on now, horses will be dirt cheap. The report from the last horse market at Harrisonburg, Virginia, says that the best were selling at \$50—horses which would have brought \$150 easily a few years ago. In Chicago 1000 horses were sold for \$5 a head to a man who killed them to fatten hogs on their carcasses.

Recently Mr. W. McClellan, the extensive stock raiser of Buckeye, became the owner of an abnormal horse. The horse would have been a great curiosity if it could have been kept alive. The deformity consisted in the shape of the head which was perfectly formed with the exception of the lower jaw, which was missing, giving the horse head a mouse-like appearance. It had no lungs and a very small opening through the throat. It was a thin, skin and bones but could not live. The head was sold to this owner, and was an exhibition for several days, and it did have a very great value. One hundred and five thousand dollars, there is no per-

Messrs. Machen, of New York, and Rickard, of Harrisonburg, were here this week in the interest of the much talked of railroad to be built through this country. They spent the night at the Cunningham House, and while here had private talks with some of our prominent townsmen, but from what we can gather these talks did not amount to a railroad by a good deal. They told one man the road might run through Pendleton or Hardy Counties, West Virginia. From another we learned that they wanted private subscriptions to the road, so they went back east without giving much satisfaction to the public, and without fixing the date of arrival of the first train. One thing is sure, if they want subscriptions to help to build a railroad, Highland is not a very good locality to get them.—*Highland Recorder*.

Charges have been preferred against two of the faculty of the West Virginia University. One against the United States Army officer stationed there as commandant of the cadet corps for using the gymnasium and commencement halls for dances, much to the discomfort of some, and also against Dr. Hartigan, the eminent scientist, whose work has done much to elevate the college from mediocrity, and who is now charged with neglect. All the fools are not yet dead, or graduated, at Marlinton.

The year of 1895 delights in anything that savors of a storm. The Easter storm came as surely as if it knew that it was billed to arrive on time. The frosts have set the sugar trees running again, which is an unusual occurrence after the middle of April. Last winter's snow is still in the mountains and a very fine snow fell on Easter Sunday.

FOR RENT.—The pasture lands of the heirs of C. E. Warwick, deceased, on Stoney Creek. For terms apply to R. E. L. Doyle, on the premises, or address John C. Warwick, Hinton, W. Va.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!!—All clothing I have on hand will be closed at first cost for cash. This sale will continue for about 5 days. Don't miss it. P. GOLDEN.

Some changes are being expected in the ownership and management of the hotel proprietors of this town soon.

Personal.

Rev. John A. Taylor was in town Monday.

Among the prominent visitors in town this week was Col. Geo. S. McNeil, of Academy.

Messrs. Miles and Foster, are the latest arrival from England, at Mingo, and are staying with Mr. Jas. Hebdon.

Mr. H. A. Yeager will retire from the hotel business shortly.

Mr. Jim Watson is staying in Marlinton at present.

Rev. C. M. Barter has been stationed by the conference at Petersburg, Grant county. His friends in this circuit are sorry to lose him.

PETERSBURG, Va., April 7.—General William Malone has made a deed of trust, which has been recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Corporation Court. Judge Edmund Waddell, of Richmond, is the trustee. The deed covers the General's palatial residence, in Petersburg, with all his household goods, and other real estate. The deed is made to secure the holders of certain notes, amounting to \$80, 500.—*Examiner*.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castera. When she was a child, she cried for Castera. When she became ill, she longed for Castera. When she had children, she gave them Castera.

DR. FISHER, Dr. J. H. Way enough will be at Monterey on the 20th of April, and remain 3 days. Green Bank, 20th 3 days; Clover Lick, May 1st 3 days. Call for party and make your arrangements.

Locating New Drugs—What a Power Name! Very True, but it Kills All Pests. Good Energizers. Every Day—Without Bait, There is No Pest.

BY THE HARDEST.

MARILTON WINS AGAIN FROM MINGO. A FIGHT TO THE FINISH.

A DESCRIPTION OF ITS CONVENiences.

BY THE ARCHITECTURAL EDITOR.

Once again the carefully trained athletes of our progressive town have met the hardy Englishmen on the field and after a hard-fought battle of ninety minutes won the football game by the score of 2:0. This event closes the season.

One peculiarity of this game which has grown so popular in the last few years with our muscular race, is that there are dozens who prefer to see the game played to playing, and this was never more fully proven than in the game of last Saturday. About three hundred persons, among whom were many ladies, watched the game during a driving storm of snow and rain, hail and sleet, which almost blinded the players. At one time the ground was covered with hail-stones as large as bird's eggs. But the people stayed and shouted themselves into a pretty state of hoarseness. Marlinton did not lack for "rooters," but the muddy roads and heavy rains had kept the Pocahontas partisans away, and the people of Randolph shouted right loudly for their own county.

The teams seemed to be evenly matched, and when the first half ended it was plain to be seen that the game would go to the side which outwinded the other. Skill and strength seemed balanced, and Marlinton—we had gone to Mingo to win—had only one hope left and that was in endurance. It did not prove a false one, and in the last few minutes the pace seemed to tell on several of the Mingo men, and the ball stayed dangerously near the Mingo goal. Finally within six minutes of the finish, the ball was actually crowded through the goal and though the tremendous resistance of the giant backs of Mingo said "no thoroughfare" the Marlinton forwards supported by their backs would not acknowledge this and so "we fetched her."

"One goal begets another," and though the time given us was but four minutes, another goal was made by a long low shot by Lew Yeager which the Mingo goal keeper failed to stop, much to his distress.

The game was admirably umpired by Mr. Arthur Lawson, a true lover of sport, and to whose indefatigable efforts much is due for the many interesting events in the way of out door sports which have become institutions in the English colony at Mingo. Mr. Lanty Tuke and Mr. Ricketts acted as linesmen.

Enough cannot be said of the unbounded hospitality and kindness of the English gentlemen of Mingo, to the Marlinton citizens who were their visitors last week. Everything had been provided for their comfort and entertainment, and our boys returned highly gratified by their reception. The decorations of the field were very striking. The goal posts and bars were painted in the colors of the two nations represented—red, white and blue, and the confines of the ground were marked by the "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jacks." The Mingo linesmen waved a red flag, and the Marlinton linesmen a blue one. The bright scarlet uniforms of Mingo contrasted well with the dark blue of the home team.

The Teams lined up as shown by the table below:

Mingo. Marlinton.

FORWARD. FORWARD.

Hebdon, E. Wilson,

RIGHT WING. N. Price,

McAfee, Marshall, A. Price, (C.)

LEFT WING. L. Yeager,

Grove, Earnshaw, H. (Capt.) A. Bern,

HALF BACKS. Tompkins, Anderson,

Dakers, J. Yeager,

Hales, Smith,

FULL BACKS. Hebdon, J. W. Yeager,

Lindsey, McLaughlin,

Fried, King.

Under the efficient management of Mr. Lawson a concert came off at the school-house at Mingo, which was immensely enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience. The talent was lost for the occasion by the ladies of Mingo and by those of musical ability of both clubs. The hall was handsomely decorated and the flags of the two nations were bravely displayed.

Lack of space prevents reference to the many special features of the jail construction, which are the result of many years of experience and investigation, but the cage material is a combination of tensile or "blow proof" steel and crucible or "saw proof" steel, and the report of Peck's best metal worker, Robert Burns, appointed by the Board of Commissioners to fully test every tool proof bar in these cells, established the fact that every one, aggregating upwards of a thousand, has had seven trials, and is tool proof and satisfactory.

The Manly Manufacturing Co., of Dalton, Georgia, the only jail builders in the South, who contracted for and completed the entire work, state that this is the first instance in which such careful scrutiny has been given by county officials.

Those of the tax payers who are capable of judging the work, say it is undoubtedly creditable to all concerned, and pleased many of those who have examined it, and *TIMEs* gives this sketch and these illustrations for the benefit of those who can not make a personal examination of the building.

Dunmore.

Everything seems to be on the move. Mr. Isaac Klein and son moved on their farm; Mr. John Dressard, of Frost, moved this week to Beverly; Rev. S. L. Potter moved to his new field of labor; we understand that Rev. Maxwell will be in this week. Even the postoffice was moved from Swecker's to the store at Dunmore. If some men owned the whole world they would not be satisfied unless they owned a potato patch on the other side. Marlinton men stand a poor chance with some people in this end of the county.

We see some fine improvements in Green Bank. Messrs. J. H. Corry and W. H. Hull are putting in fine sidewalk in front of their premises.

Mr. J. P. Woodell will start Wednesday for his spring goods; Mr. George D. Oliver is in Baltimore this week laying in his spring and summer stock.

Marion Gum has moved to Frost and will open up a new store.

Mr. Ed. McLaughlin is able to be out again.

A Sunday School has been organized at Baxter Church, with Mr. Ed. McLaughlin as Superintendent, let all attend.

Some of our roads need work badly. The big rains played thunder with them.

Simmers & Knobly moved their sawmill to C. L. Moore's, on Browns Creek.

Mr. John Beverage is building lumber for his new house.

Mr. John A. Noel is building a fine residence for himself.

Died—At her home on the morning of the 16th inst., Kate Daugherty, wife of Isaac Daugherty, aged about 40 years. She leaves several small children.

Miss Kittie Lakin is spending the week on Clover Creek.

Mr. William Pritchard, of Stannerton is visiting friends here.

The dogs played the devil with Charley Pritchard's sheep, and Dan Taylor sent ten of them the spout up with his Winchester.

Mr. Jake McLaughlin was thrown from his horse last week and stove up a few inches.

Mr. F. M. Dilley moved to Pendleton county last week.

TOM SAWYER.

We are having nice weather after our Easter storm.

Mr. G. D. Oliver is in the Eastern markets buying goods.

Rev. C. L. Potter was among his many friends at this place last week.

Rev. Maxwell and family are expected at the parsonage on the 18th inst.

Mrs. S. C. Sutton, when life was despaired of, we are glad to say is some better.

Mr. James Stretch who has been sick is better.

Dr. C. L. Austin is expected home on the 19th inst. His many friends will be glad to see him.

The funeral of Mr. J. G. Sutton will be preached at this place on the 21st by Rev. C. C. Aragon.

Will some reader of the *TIMEs* tell what the names of Moses and Aaron's father and mother were. By answering through the *TIMEs*, you will oblige.

Mr. C. O. Arbogast is assessing and debrating stock, oil on the same round. Charley is a hustler.

Mr. Uriah Heverer has turned his cattle on grass last week, on Clover Creek.

C.

According to Printer's Ink, it would cost \$12,100 to put a ten-line advertisement in all the newspapers in this country.

More than 600 plans have been sent in for the construction of the Paris exposition of 1900, and it is proposed to have them exhibited in the Palais d'Industrie, which is the only gallery large enough to contain them.

Competition between Eastern and Western farmers is yearly growing less, declares the New York Tribune. In years past the Western man had the advantage of cheap lands; but the Eastern farmer has the advantage of a near-by market.

The San Francisco Chronicle feels that Alpine climbers will read with disgust of the proposed railroad and elevator to the very summit of the Jungfrau. Time was, and it was not so many years ago, that this mountain was regarded as a dangerous peak and the feat of climbing it was noteworthy. Since then the Matterhorn and other Alpine peaks have taken its place in the ambition of mountain climbers. With a railroad to the summit and a hotel perched on the topmost point of this historical mountain much of the romance will go out of Alpine climbing. The Cook's tourist is fatal to the enthusiasm of travel.

James M. Glenn, President of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce, writes in the North American Review: "The South this season has been favored with an enormous crop of cotton and an exceptionally large production of corn, with also an excellent yield of tobacco, and although market prices may be low, especially as to cotton, the fact remains that the cost of production, taking into consideration not only the question of labor, but recognizing the complete utilization of the by-product which was formerly wasted, is now greatly reduced, and the net result is a favorable one. The sugar interest, it is to be hoped, may steadily continue in advancement, accompanied ultimately with remunerative results. The production of rice in the South is extending, and will undoubtedly assume very greatly enlarged proportions in the near future. The lumber resources of the South are being brought more and more into prominence, attracting capital for its preparation for market, widening the employment of labor, and adding to the available wealth of the community."

Devotion to the old Shinto faith is not extinct in Japan, and a great temple at Kioto, on which ten years and many millions have been expended, is still incomplete, and work upon it not suspended even in the time of the greatest war which the country has ever had upon its hands. The women of that country give signs of their piety in this work by contributing portions of their hair, which are braided into cables and used in the transportation of material to be employed in the construction of the building. Of these a large number have been worn out in the work accompanying the structure at Kioto, but more are forthcoming, showing a spirit of zeal and sacrifice among the women there which the New York Tribune believes not to be outdone by any of the missionaries among them, or by the builders of shrines and temples anywhere. Shintoism is the old faith of Japan before the introduction of Buddhism and the Confucian philosophy, and does not now absorb a large part of the religious inspiration of the country, but still preserves a measure of vitality enough to build a new temple now and then amidst the ruins of its old ones, and supply testimony that in spite of the infiltration of newer faiths the spirit of its older one is still trimmed and burning. It has no theological scheme and specific code of morals, inculcating no general obedience to and reverence for the Mikado, who is that country's the direct representative of the gods; and as a religion really amounts to little, not enough to justify the erection to it of such a stupendous and costly temple. Japan is going on much as prior to the adoption of modern ways that she will no doubt have a President before long after the American pattern, and then there will be nobody for the new Emperor to rule in.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE. 1791-1891.

The blue hills rise in stately strength,
Streams ripple soft below,
As on those long gone Sabbath days,
One hundred years ago.
When in those crumblings, round the walls,
Where birds sit to and fro,
The Quaker fathers worshipped God
One hundred years ago.
And word of truth, in praise, or prayer,
In measured tone, and slow,
Was spoken as the spirit moved
One hundred years ago.
Here many a calm and bairnly bairn
Reigned in by heaven's own glow,
And caught the promised peace of God
One hundred years ago.
Perhaps just here the sunshine fell
On golden heads below,
Where children lifted palms: yea
One hundred years ago.
Here youths and maidens primly sat
In silent, decorous row,
Ere, as to-day, Love stole his glance
One hundred years ago.
But true and simple faith abides,
Though centuries onward flow—
The fathers did not build in vain
Who reared this modest forest bairn
One hundred years ago.
—Lucy B. Fleming, in Harper's Bazaar.

A LEAP FOR LUCRE.

BY THOMAS S. BLACKWELL.



WHEN the gallant "Green Lancers" got the route from gray, "dear, dirty Dublin" for the West of Ireland, it was looked upon by the younger members of that sporting corps as something akin to penal servitude.

"Beastly bore," lisped Charley Nugent, the last-joined sub, as he pulled viciously at an imaginary mustache, "ain't it?" and he looked appealingly round on his brother officers, who were lounging about the ante-room at Island Bridge Barracks.

"Look here, youngster," growled the Major from his lair on the sofa, "you don't know what's good for you. It will be the saving of you boys to get away from the late hours and confectionery that you are indulging in here. 'The Wild West' is not half bad."

"Tell us all about it, Major," came in a chorus from "the boys."

"The Major" was an authority on all subjects in the "Green Lancers." If it was a love affair, some detail of regimental duty, a financial difficulty, or one of the many complications peculiar to "young bloods," "the Major" was always the trusted guide, philosopher and friend.

A perfect man of the world, a thorough soldier and good sportsman, with a kind heart, despite a rather sarcastic turn, he was adored by all the youngsters of the regiment, to whom he was a regular oracle.

"Yes," said the Major, "the West is a jolly place for any fellow with health and heart to enjoy the fun one gets there. The Chief and I were down on detachment in the County Mayo in '81, when boycotting came into fashion. We had lots of work, to be sure; but we had a splendid good time of it all the same. The best of shooting, fishing and sailing sport with the South Mayo bounds. As for hospitality—there was no end of it, and as for girls! Heigh-ho! it was a lucky thing for the Colonel and I that our old chief then was death on matrimony in the regiment, or we should not be shaking loose legs now. I tell you, boys, if you don't lose your lives over the walls, or your hearts over the girls, you are a tougher lot than you look."

"Any betting fellows down in the wilds there, Major?" drawled Fred Hall, the captain of C Troop, as he languidly crossed the room and joined the group.

"By Jove! Dolly, but you will be in your element. The men there are ready for any sort of extraordinary wager, and I think will even make you open your eyes. Nothing is too hot or heavy for them."

"I suppose they will," lisped the Captain, in such an innocent, artless way that a roar of laughter went around the room.

"Dolly" Hall was a man of about seven-and-twenty, with fair, curly hair, light moustache, and face that could have looked more in place over a silk dress than surmounting the green-faced tonic of the — Lancers. Everything was a "bore" to Dolly, and no duty or pleasure for the master of it was gone into without an amount of lamentation over the hardness of his luck in having to exert himself. But the fellow is the regimental hero that Dolly could round himself when occasion required, as he had been twice mentioned in dispatches for gallantry in the Soudan campaign.

It quite annoyed Dolly to be reminded of these lapses from his normal state of ignominy.

"What the d—l could I do?" he would say in a pitifully apologetic tone when asked about an Egyptian exploit.

With plenty of money and an ardent love of sport (in his own peculiar fashion), Hall was never happy unless he had a bet on something, it did not matter what, from a Derby favorite to a cheese maggot race across a plate. Some wonderful betting transactions he had since he joined the — Lancers, and as he was always pretty certain to be on the winning side, the merriment of his brother officers was natural.

"The Green Lancers" left Dublin for the West, and the Major and a squadron were quartered at Ballinrobe, "Dolly" Hall being one of the officers with him. The gentry (and ladies) of the neighborhood received the gallant Lancers with open arms, and the dependency of the subs quickly vanished. What with salmon fishing, grouse, woodcock and pheasant shooting, and hunting with the South Mayo's, the station was voted a first class one.

Dolly Hall was a particular favorite with both sexes of the natives—the men liked him because he was a rattling good sportsman whatever way you took him, and the ladies made a perfect pot of him from his being so totally different to the men they were in the habit of meeting. When I saw Dolly was a favorite with all I ought to have excepted Giles McCarthy, of Ballyboden, who looked upon the gallant Captain with anything but a favorable eye.

There was no better man to hounds in the county than McCarthy, and chiefly on this account he was the favored squire of the Diana of the district, Rose Mahon. But when Dolly came on the scene McCarthy was nowhere, and the rage of the latter at being deposed, was desperate. What galled him most was that the Captain treated him so coolly, and never appeared in the slightest degree ruffled at the most cutting thing that could be said.

Toward the close of the hunting season the Lancers gave a dance at the Barracks, and the county people came en masse to it. The meet of the South Mayo's had been at Ballinrobe that morning, and Rose Mahon and Dolly were in the first flight all through a fast forty minutes from Creagh.

Rose was radiant at the dance. She had got that coveted trophy—the brush—in the morning, and Dolly was her devoted attendant in the evening, dancing more than he had ever been known to since he joined the regiment. Giles McCarthy was not a dancing man, so he was doing wall flower, and very dark wall flower he looked.

His black hunter, Owanmore, had never gone so badly with him, and flatly refused to negotiate a small drain he met at the beginning of the run, leaving the disgusted Giles quite out of the hunt.

It was gall and wormwood to him to see that "top of a cockney captain" beside Rose Mahon, sailing away over everything.

Dolly and Miss Mahon were floating round in a waltz, and brought up just where the glam McCarthy stood.

"Ah! Mr. McCarthy, are you there? I thought you were still in one of those Creagh ditches," said Rose, with a merry laugh. "What on earth came over the redoubtable Owanmore to behave in such a fashion?"

"Neither he nor his master care for bog-trotting, Miss Mahon," replied Giles, looking as black as thunder.

"So Irish, don't you know, Miss Rose—won't have water at any price," lisped Dolly, in the silkies of tones.

"If you call those bits of potato furrows that we had to-day, water, I don't like it," snarled McCarthy. "But I wish we had you over our side for a day amongst the walls, Captain Hall, and perhaps some of the gilt would come off your gingerbread."

"Why, my dear fellow, I adore walls."

"There are walls, and walls in it. Perhaps you wouldn't adore a good five foot, coped one," sneered the now furious Giles.

"Oh! That's only a trifle," drawled Dolly. "I'd drive a horse and trap over that."

"You would, would you?" yelled McCarthy. "I'll bet you a hundred you don't!"

"Make it two," was the quiet answer, "and I'll do it within the week."

"Done!" cried Giles.

"Right," from Dolly; and with a "shall we?" to the astonished Rose, they glided off into the waltz again.

The news of the bet went round the ball room like a bit of scandal through a country town. For McCarthy could not repress his jubilation over the soft thing he had got on the English Captain.

"Hang it all! Dolly, what sort of an absurd wager is this I hear you have made with that fellow, McCarthy?" said the Major, as soon as he could get a chance of speaking to Hall. "What do you intend doing about it?"

"Haven't an idea, my dear Major, but it will come out all right, you'll find."

"But the thing's ridiculous, man, and we'll have a whole county laughing at us," urged the Major.

"Let them laugh who win. Well

will I think it out over a cigar and you'll see we come out on top after all."

"Well, you know it is only making that boor a present of two hundred. However, it is you will have to pay it," said the Major, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, "and except for the credit of the regiment I suppose it is no business of mine. Another case of a 'fool and his money.'

"Yes, but remember what the Latin poet says: 'Fortuna faveat fatus.' And perhaps I may be an idiot that Fortune favors, Major," replied Dolly, in a dreamy sort of way, as he sauntered off to claim Rose Mahon for another waltz.

Nothing was talked of in Mayo for the next couple of days but Captain Hall's extraordinary wager, the general opinion being that he would in the end declare off and pay over the money.

Three days after the ball a letter arrived from McCarthy, reminding Dolly that half the time named had expired, and asking his intention with regard to the bet. "As," he wrote, "it was a play or pay bet, I shall thank you to send me your cheque for two hundred pounds by Tuesday next, in the event of your not carrying out your part of the business."

The reply to this epistle was:

"Dear Sir—I shall be quite prepared to carry out my part of the business on Monday next if you will drive over here to lunch.

"Yours faithfully,

"FRED HALL."

"Cavalry Barracks, Ballinrobe."

"P. S.—Would you mind driving that clever white-faced chestnut I saw you riding at Claremorris meet? You say he is a good trapper. I want such a horse and will buy him if we can agree to a price. F. H."

Many a chuckle had McCarthy and his chums over that letter.

"The softy of a fellow is not content with making me a present of a couple of hundred quid," he said to Peter Blake, "but wants to throw away some more on that old chestnut screw. He's a smart hunter, no doubt, and showy in harness, but no 'ret' would pass him with those hocks. However, if I can knock another fifty or so out of the dandy English Captain, I shall have a good day of it next Monday."

The McCarthyites got on all the money they could at two to one against the Captain. Such good business was it thought that several of them drove over to Ballinrobe on Saturday to see if any of the officers could be found willing to put on some more with them.

They were rather taken aback by the readiness of the Lancers to accommodate them, and the feeling increased to one of real uneasiness, when the Major dropped in and cheerfully remarked that "if all the money wasn't exhausted he didn't mind having a 'pony' or two on Hall at evens."

"Pooh! nonsense!" blurted the confident Giles, when his cronies came back and told him. "Those soldiers always try to bluff you. They know right well that their man has not a ghost of a chance, but they won't acknowledge it. Our money is safe enough, never you fear. It's not like a case where you could train a horse to the work; big a fool as the fellow is he's not going to smash up a horse, trap and himself, to try if the thing can be done. I'm sorry you didn't get some more on at evens, for it's sure money; you may take my word for it."

"I don't see how we can possibly lose either," said Peter Blake, "but the whole lot of them seemed so cocksure that I couldn't help thinking they had a trump up their sleeve some way or another."

Mondays came and it found Giles McCarthy on his way over to Ballinrobe, driving the white-faced chestnut in a smart, light polo cart. His friends were following him in force, all anxious to see the Englishman lose his wager.

About half a mile outside Ballinrobe who should they meet but Dolly Hall sauntering quietly along the road.

"Ho! McCarthy, glad to see you. Come to win that two hundred pounds off me. I'll take a seat with you up to the barracks if you've no objection."

"Delighted," said Giles, in the best of good-humor at the prospect of pocketing his money, and of making a good deal over the chestnut screw.

"This is the horse you asked me in your note to drive over, Captain."

"Capital trapper," remarked Dolly; and you say he can jump?"

"Bedad! he can. The wall isn't built in Mayo that would stop the same horse. I never knew him turn from a fence and he's good for ten Irish miles an hour, between the shafts."

"Just the thing to suit me," said Dolly. "What's his price?"

"Well, I don't care to sell him at all; but I'll give him to you at 470 and he's the cheapest horse in Ireland at the money."

"Say £50 pounds and it's a deal," replied Dolly. "Would you mind letting me have the ribbons till I see how he feels?"

"With pleasure," said the delighted Giles, as he saw a certain air in view. "You'll know what he is in the minute you take a hold of him."

Dolly professed to be greatly pleased, praised mouth, style and pace, and declared that the horse was worth the price asked for him.

"But the thing's ridiculous, man, and we'll have a whole county laughing at us," urged the Major.

"Just then they came to a corner where a turn was made into a road leading to the barracks.

With a shout that could be heard a mile away, Dolly brought the whip down sharply on the chestnut, who presented such unusual treatment by a couple of wild plunges and dashed round a bend in the road, where, not thirty yards in front of them, was a stone wall built right across their path.

"Stop! stop!" yelled Giles. "Are you mad?" and he tried to seize the reins from the Captain, but Dolly leant to one side, and holding his arm well out prevented his getting hold of them.

Another shout, and the chestnut went at the wall like a rocket. Then came a spring, a crash, and a confused heap of wreckage on the off side. Dolly was the first to struggle to his feet from the debris, and shouted to McCarthy, who was doubled up in a thick clump of blackthorn by the road side:

"I've won my bet, McCarthy! I'll give you £100 for the lot now, and will thank you for the balance." Half a dozen heads were now seen looking over the walls on both sides of the road, and the Major was the first to jump over and shake Dolly by the hand.

Giles was furious. His clothes were torn into ribbons, his face and hands had the appearance of having been thoroughly gone over with a fine garden rake, and altogether he was a most dilapidated spectacle. His mutterings were both loud and deep. "An action," an "infernal swindle," and so on, was the burden of his song.

"No swindle at all, my dear fellow," said the Major, pleasantly. "Mr. Crawford, the county surveyor, is here with us to certify that the wall was the correct height at any part, and soed as agreed upon. These gentlemen and myself are witnesses that the horse fairly jumped the wall, and that trap and all landed on the off side. So there can be no question but that Captain Hall has won his bet."

"He never said he'd do it with my horse," roared Giles, furiously.

"And, my dear fellow, I'm very sure I never said I'd do it with mine," lisped the imperturbable Dolly.

The McCarthy contingent looked very crestfallen, but accepted the Major's invitation up to lunch at the barracks, though Giles stalked wrathfully away without a word to anyone. At lunch they were told how Dolly had planned out the whole thing; but somehow their mirth was of a very strained character.

The chestnut was soon none the worse for his jump, and is a prime pet of Rose Hall's still.—Outing.

SELECT SIGHTINGS.

In Japan the flute is played only by men of rank.

The big bridge at Montreal, Canada, is nearly two miles long.

Artificial bleaching of celery is said to spoil its taste and crispness.

Paris connoisseurs affirm that old horses

JAPAN.

IN CRYPT INTO
DUS HOME.

THE EMPEROR AND HIS
WIFE ARE WEALTHY—THE
EMPEROR IS A PRINCE.

He rules in the
palace, perhaps, the
interesting to-day as
of Japan, written
in 1868. He has moved
Tokio, 400 miles
from the capital, and
is the ruler of the
army, Parliament
with him, and he
naval and military.

No monarch in
universality. The
about him. You
at him in Japan,
a which I got bad
Even then it
seems to many

of Japan was
as sage, sagaciously
as first of his life,
as old, and was put
the age of fifteen.
Shogun was still
of the army, and
ruler of Japan. At
he was so holy that
his name. When it
wrote it a letter was
more. He was, like
a son of a son

be thrown into one. Some are
filled with the most magnificent em-
broideries.



THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Emperor keeps his eye on
everything. He rises early and breaks-
fasts at about 7 o'clock. He uses a
knife and fork whenever he takes for-
sage food, but he prefers the chop-
sticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats
both kinds of food and is very fond of
rice, taking it with every meal. He
likes sweets and is by no means averse
to sweets. He usually eats his break-
fast alone and also his lunch. His din-
ner is served in tabled'hot style, with
all the European accompaniments.
Contrary to the regular practice in
Japanese families, his wife often sits
at the table with him, and also the
Crown Prince. His work begins as



SEVEN GIRLS FROM A SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS.

was kept in his big
palace by a lot of ser-
vants. He went out. It was
announced he knew
of what was going
on. He looked more
interested than any-
one covered with fine
clothing sat cross-
legged, with a couple of
servants. I had to take off
my coat. I was admitted into
the palace and walked for a mile
down the palace street.
The palace
was covered with gold
and red lacquer. It was
the Emperor received
for the first time about
the Mikado at Tokio
from these old Japanese.
He has a vast
a center of the city,
and valley, contain-
ing and vast one-story
surrounded by three
which are crossed by
and at all of which
in modern uniforma
in places from 100 to
They are filled with
yellow lotus flowers
on sheets of green

now a combination
open. They cost \$1,
each of many of these



THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

changes his actions somewhat to suit
it. All the papers are looked over for
him, and the passages he should see
are marked. Ordinary misstatements
or mistakes he passes over, but if a
newspaper becomes at all dangerous,
he gives an order to his censors and
the newspaper is stopped, while its ad-
ditions are liable to be thrown into
prison.

The Mikado is by no means a poor
man. He receives about \$1,500,000 a
year to keep up his palace and his
numerous establishment, and he has
several large private fortunes. Mr.
Samoura, the Grand Master of Cere-
monies, told me that he was a good
business man. He has a great deal of
money in public land.

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to
be considered the most interesting
ruler on earth. The royal family of
Japan has a genealogical tree which
reaches to heaven, and their traditions
state that the Emperor comes
from the gods. There have been 123
Emperors of Japan, and they all belong
to this family. The first one
of Japan just about 2000 years

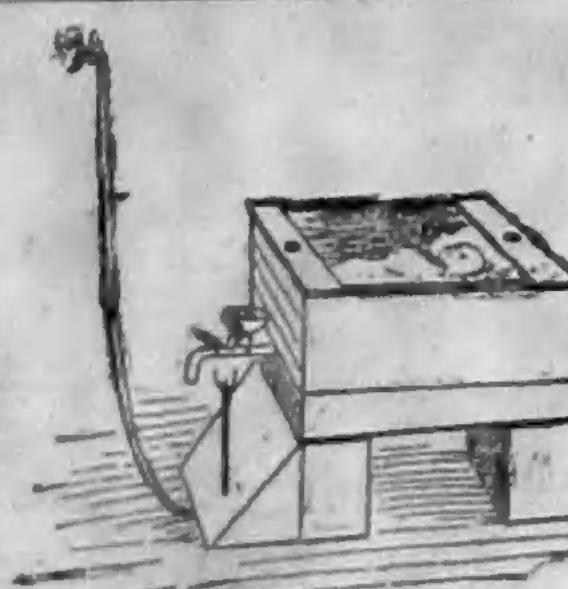
ago. He was on the throne long be-
fore Jesus Christ ascended to the
Emperor of Japan and 300 years be-
fore Alexander the Great thought he
had conquered the world. The Jap-
anese will assure you that the Mikado
is a lineal descendant of the first Em-
peror, Jimmu Tenno.

Any other royal family would have
run out in less than this time, espe-
cially in an isolated country like
Japan, but the Japanese have a law
by which the Emperor cannot marry
one of his own family. He has to
marry the daughter of one of the
court nobles. The Empress, there-
fore, is not of royal blood. She is the
daughter of Ichijo Takada. She is a
very bright woman, and was but eight-
een years old at the time she was mar-
ried. This was away back in 1868, when
foreign ways had not yet obtained
in the empire. Her Majesty wore at that time Japanese clothes,
and she followed, I am told, the custom
of shaving off her eyebrows and
blackening her teeth. Later on,
however, her Majesty changed her
ideas about this matter, and her ey-
brows have again grown out and her
teeth are as white as those of an Amer-
ican girl. She is at the front of all
movements for the introduction of the
Western civilization; especially any
innovation that promises to better the
condition of Japanese women. She
has hospitals and schools, for she is
one of the most charitable of monarchs.
She is not fond of society, and she is
almost as busy as the Emperor. She
has her own secretaries, and her time
is taken up with reading, study, recep-
tions and charitable work. She is
very fond of riding.

There are a number of ladies con-
nected with the palaces at Tokio,
who, like many wild flowers, are
"born to blush unseen," though
they do not "waste their sweetness on
the desert air." I refer to the sec-
ondary wives of the Emperor. You
hear nothing about these in Tokio,
for they are kept as much as possible
in the background. But from time
immemorial the Emperor has been
allotted a certain number of secondary
wives and there are, I am told, twelve
of these in the palace grounds. They
have establishments of their own, and
are the daughters of nobles. The
Crown Prince is the son of one of
them, his mother's name being Mme.
Yanagisawa.

The Crown Prince was sixteen years
old last September. He is a very
bright boy, dark faced and almond
eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese
type. He has an establishment of
his own inside the palace grounds,
with his own servants, guards and
attendants.

A Tube-Fed Incubator Instant.
The addition to the Babies' Hos-
pital, in New York, was formally
opened recently.



THE INCUBATOR BABY.

The hospital, as well as the addition,
says the New York World, has been
thoroughly furnished. The first floor
contains three wards besides the
nursery. This was the gift of Mrs.
Brice Gray, Jr. The second floor con-
tains a diet kitchen and four wards.
These wards were the gifts of Mrs.
John Hone, Mrs. Joseph Low, Mrs.
B. O. Chian and Mrs. Ed. Kemp. The
third floor contains one ward and a
playroom furnished by Mrs. H. Land-
ford. An incubator baby was shown.
It is fed by a rubber tube attached to
its stomach.

A curious partnership often exists
between the sea anemone and the
hermit crab. The latter always has
an anemone fastened to his shell, and
when he changes his quarters he takes
his anemone along, provided he can
detach it from the old shell.

Bonnet was originally the name for
a man's head covering.

The Goulds in Gotham's "400."

George Jay Gould, eldest son of the
"Little Wizard of Wall street," has
won success in a field which baffled his
famous father. Not only has he
proved a power in financial circles and
controlled with prudence and se-
crecy the vast millions left under his
direction, but he has become a leader in
the social world. He and his wife,
formerly Miss Edith Kingdon, the



GEORGE J. GOULD.

actress, lived in modest retirement
after the death of Jay Gould until last
summer, when they signaled their en-
trance into society by taking the Vigil-
ante to Europe to participate in the
international yacht races. They met
with a distinct social success, and
upon their return to New York the

prestige acquired across the water

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

INITIAL LETTERS.

An easy way of putting large initial
letters on pillow-cases, pillow-shams
and towels is to use white carnation
braid to cover the stamped lines. The
braid is so woven that when applied
it has much the effect of raised or
padded embroidery. It should be
wet and dried before using to prevent
shrinking. It is applied to the pat-
tern by sewing it "over and over." The
same braid is very pretty when
used to outline a pattern on the bor-
der of a tea-cloth, either on white or
colored linen or denim.—New York
Post.

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

Mrs. Rorer gives a succinct and
simple formula that is infallible if
carefully followed: Add four heaping
tablespoonfuls oatmeal to one quart of
boiling water, add a teaspoonful of
salt, mix, and put the whole in a
double boiler. Fill the lower boiler
with boiling water, stand the inside
boiler in this, and boil rapidly twenty
minutes, then push the boiler to one
side of the range, and cook slowly
over night. The oatmeal must not be
stirred after the first mixing—it can-
not burn in a double boiler, unless
the under boiler becomes dry—as the
stirring makes the mush starchy and
waxy, and also spoils its flavor. Oat-
meal made after this receipt will be
light, each grain separate, but swollen
to three times its original size, and
will have a delicious flavor. Turn it
out carefully into the dish, without
stirring or breaking the grains.—
American Cultivator.

DUSTING.

The ideal maid is the maid who
dusts properly. But where do we
find our ideals? Not in our own par-
lors, as a rule, but in parlors of other
women, who do the dusting themselves.

The careful housekeeper will have
faded upholstery, dull woodwork and
badly defaced carving unless she is
willing to pay the price of eternal vigi-
lance. She must go over everything
herself when she has a new maid and
insist on that worthy looking and
listening attentively. She must give
her a feather duster, soft silk old
handkerchiefs for the piano and the
polished mahogany, and cheesecloth
duster for ordinary use. The marbles
and ornaments must have a separate
duster from the furniture, and a large
soft piece of muslin can be used to
polish the picture glasses with. A
chamois and a little oil do for finish-
ing touches for the mahogany and
polished oak and a soft brush must be
used to penetrate the crevices of carv-
ing. A whisk broom is also necessary
for the upholstered furniture, and a
cane dust beater is well used twice a
week.—New York Advertiser.

THE SOURING OF MILK.

A professor in the Michigan Agricul-
tural College speaks of atmospheric
microbes from the foul air of stables
getting into milk and causing it to
"sour and spoil." This language im-
plies that the souring of milk must of
necessity result from its contact with
air that is impure. Instead of this
the souring is always the result of
contact of the milk with the oxygen
of the atmosphere. There are always
some impurities in air, and these cause
it to spoil, the oxygen making this
spoiling more rapid. If all impurities
could be kept out of milk, it would
sour without spoiling. But when
milk is in contact with air no matter
how pure it may seem, this is impos-
sible. Souring thus necessarily means
that the milk will continue to ferment
until it becomes rotten or spoiled.

The Michigan professor, however,
makes a mistake in suggesting the
possibility of milking through tubes
into close cans, in order to keep out
the injurious microbes always found
in the air. The air always fills the
open space in the cows' teats, and thus
the milk even before it leaves them
must have some impurities. The only
way to have milk entirely pure is to
sterilize it by subjecting it to enough
heat to destroy all injurious microbes.
No ear in milking can ever entirely
prevent their entrance into it.—Boston
Cultivator.

RECIPES.

Salt Mackarel Broiled—Soak the
mackerel for a while in lukewarm
water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in
beaten butter, then in beaten egg, and
roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve
with lemon juice and parsley, or maitre
d'hotel butter.

St. George Pudding—One cup each
of raisins, suet and molasses; three
cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of
cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoon-
ful of allspice, one teaspoonful saler-
tus, two eggs. Boil or steam four
hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Roux—Melt half a pound of butter
and mix it with two-thirds of a pint of
milk, add flour to make a thick batter
and three tablespoonsfuls of yeast. Set
the batter in a warm place until light.
Beat two eggs with half a pound of
granulated sugar and work it into the
batter with the hand. Add a teaspoon-
ful each of salt and cinnamon, and
flour enough to make it sufficiently
stiff to mould into cakes the size of
muffins. Let them rise till a sponge
lightens. Bake fifteen minutes in a
hot oven.

A Man's View.



The high hats and big sleeves
are simply too much—Truth.



RULER OF JAPAN.

CIVILIZATION HAS CREEPED INTO HIS SUMPTUOUS HOME.

His Own 'Ages of Palaces and is
Extravagantly Wealthy—His
Daily Life—Empress
and Crown Prince.

HERE is no ruler in the world, excepting, perhaps, the Czar, so interesting to-day as the Emperor of Japan, writes Frank G. Carpenter. He has moved from the capital, Tokio, 400 miles westward, to his naval station at Hiroshima, where he has practically taken charge of his army. Parliament and his cabinet are with him, and he is directing the naval and military forces by telegraph. No monarch in the world is less understood. The world knows little about him. You hear little said about him in Japan, and the information which I got had to be worked for. This is then it comes only in response to many questions.

The present Emperor of Japan was kept in a sort of glass cage. Literally speaking, during the first of his life, he is forty-six years old, and was put on the throne at the age of fifteen. This was when the Shogun was still commander-in-chief of the army, and was practically the ruler of Japan. At this time the Mikado was so holy that no one mentioned his name. When it was necessary to write it a letter was sent out from reverence. He was, like the Emperor of China, a sort of a Son

can be thrown into one. Some are covered with the most magnificent embroidery.



THE CROWN PRINCE.

The Emperor keeps his eye on everything. He rises early and breakfasts at about 7 o'clock. He uses a knife and fork whenever he takes foreign food, but he prefers the chopsticks at his Japanese dinners. He eats both kinds of food and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone and also his lunch. His dinner is served in table d'hôte style, with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits at the table with him, and also the Crown Prince. His work begins



JAPANESE GIRLS FROM A SCHOOL FOUNDED BY THE EMPRESS.

of Heaven. He was kept in his big palace, surrounded by a lot of servants. Whenever he went out it was in a closed cart, consequently he knew nothing whatever of what was going on in Japan. His throne looked more like a four-poster bedstead than anything else. It was covered with fine white silk, but the Emperor sat cross-legged on the floor, with a couple of swords beside him. I had to take off my shoes before I was admitted into the palace, and I walked for a mile over soft matted floors. The palace is altogether Japanese in structure. It has sliding walls covered with gold leaf, and it is decorated with paintings by the old Japanese masters. It was in this palace the Emperor received the foreigners for the first time about twenty-six years ago.

The home of the Mikado at Tokio is far different from these old Japanese palaces in Kioto. He has a vast estate right in the center of the city, made up of hill and valley, containing lakes and woods and vast one-story palaces. It is surrounded by three moats, some of which are crossed by marble bridges, and at all of which you find soldiers in modern uniforms. These moats are in places from 100 to 200 feet wide. They are filled with water, and magnificent lotus flowers float upon them on sheets of green leaves.

His palaces are now a combination of Europe and Japan. They cost \$3,000,000. The walls of many of these



THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN.

changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him, and the passages he should see are marked. Ordinary misstatements or criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous, he gives an order to his censors and the newspaper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison.

The Mikado is by no means a poor man. He receives about \$3,500,000 a year to keep up his palace and his household establishment, and he has besides a large private fortune. Mr. Sannomiya, his Grand Master of Ceremonies, told me that he was a good business man. He has a great deal of money in public land.

The Emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The royal family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to heaven, and their traditions state that the Emperor comes from the gods. There have been 121 Emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one governed Japan just about 2500 years

ago. He was on the throne long before Julius Caesar aspired to be the Emperor of Rome, and 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese will assure you that the Mikado is a lineal descendant of the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno.

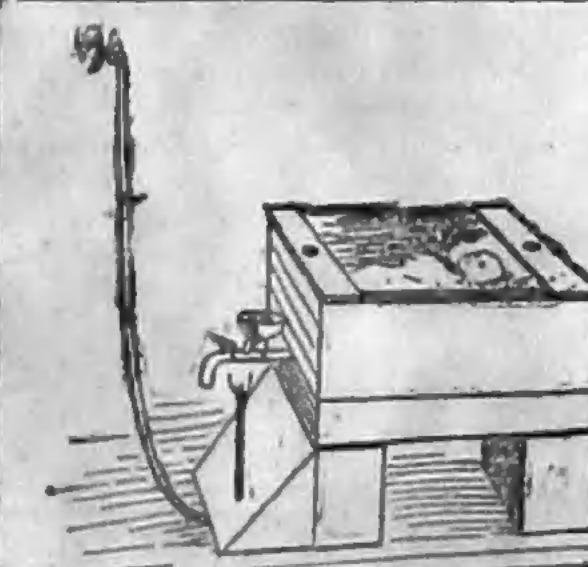
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The Crown Prince was sixteen years old last September. He is a very bright boy, dark faced and almond eyed, of the most pronounced Japanese type. He has an establishment of his own inside the palace grounds, with his own servants, guards and attendants.

A Tube-Fed Incubator Infant.

The addition to the Babies' Hospital, in New York, was formally opened recently.



THE INCUBATOR BABY.

The hospital, as well as the addition, says the New York World, has been thoroughly furnished. The first floor contains three wards besides the nursery. This was the gift of Mrs. Brice Gray, Jr. The second floor contains a diet kitchen and four wards. These wards were the gifts of Mrs. John Hone, Mrs. Joseph Low, Mrs. B. O. Chiam and Mrs. Ed. Kemp. The third floor contains one ward and a playroom furnished by Mrs. H. Landon. An incubator baby was shown. It is fed by a rubber tube attached to its stomach.

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GEORGE J. GOULD.

actress, lived in modest retirement after the death of Jay Gould until last summer, when they signaled their entrance into society by taking the Vigilant to Europe to participate in the international yacht races. They met with a distinct social success, and upon their return to New York the prestige acquired across the water

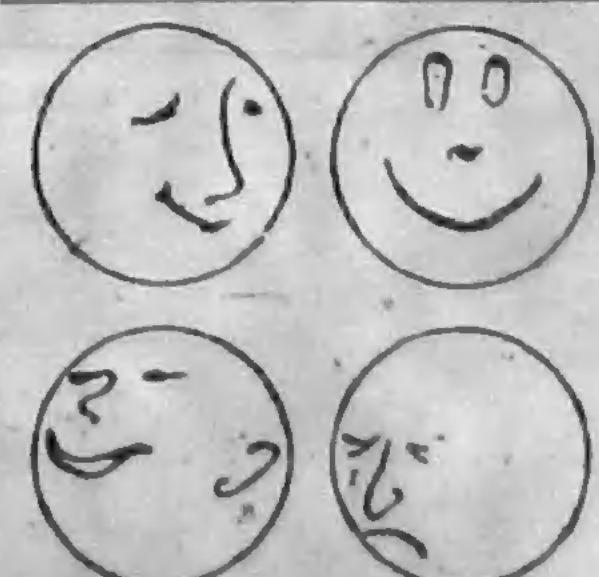


MRS. GEORGE J. GOULD.

made them rank as leaders in Gotham's "Four Hundred." At the recent Patriarchs' Ball, the swellest social function of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Gould were formally admitted to the swag set, the beautiful wife of the young millionaire being complimented for the simplicity and good taste of her costume by being termed the "jewelless queen of society."

The Moon-Face Game.

An English paper has given a prize in the funniest competition you ever heard of. The idea is to draw a face inside a circle, making only four strokes, exclusive of the circle itself. Some of the faces submitted were very funny indeed. Now, Pathfinder readers, draw some circles, take a pencil, and see what laughable countenances



you can make with just four strokes. Here is a game that offers no end of amusement. We have reproduced four of the best faces, to suggest how the thing is done. —Washington Pathfinder.

Bonnet was originally the name for a man's head covering.

A Man's View.



The high hats were bad enough—



—but the high hats and big sleeves are simply too much—Truth.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

INITIAL LETTERS.

An easy way of putting large initial letters on pillow-cases, pillow-shams and towels is to use white matting braid to cover the stamped lines. The braid is woven so that when applied it has much the effect of raised or padded embroidery. It should be wet and dried before using to prevent shrinking. It is applied to the pattern by sewing it "over and over." The same braid is very pretty when used to outline a pattern on the border of a tea-cloth, either on white or colored linen or denim. —New York Post.

THE BREAKFAST OATMEAL.

Mrs. Rorer gives a succinct and simple formula that is infallible if carefully followed: Add four heaping table-spoonfuls oatmeal to one quart of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt; mix, and put the whole in a double boiler. Fill the lower boiler with boiling water, stand the inside boiler in this, and boil rapidly twenty minutes, then push the boiler to one side of the range, and cook slowly over night. The oatmeal must not be stirred after the first mixing—it cannot burn in a double boiler, unless the under boiler becomes dry—as the stirring makes the mush starchy or watery, and also spoils its flavor. Oatmeal made after this receipt will be light, each grain separate, but swollen to three times its original size, and will have a delicious flavor. Turn it out carefully into the dish, without stirring or breaking the grains. —American Cultivator.

DRIVING.

The ideal maid is the maid who drives properly. But where do we find our ideals? Not in our own parlors, as a rule, but in parlors of other women, who do the dusting themselves.

The careful housekeeper will have faded upholstery, dull woodwork and badly defaced carving unless she is willing to pay the price of eternal vigilance. She must go over everything herself when she has a new maid and insist on that worthy looking and listening attentively. She must give her a feather duster, soft silk old handkerchiefs for the piano and the polished mahogany, and cheesecloth duster for ordinary use. The marbles and ornaments must have a separate duster from the furniture, and a large soft piece of muslin can be used to polish the picture glasses with. A chamois and a little oil do for finishing touches for the mahogany and polished oak and a soft brush must be used to penetrate the crevices of carving. A whisk broom is also necessary for the upholstered furniture, and a coarse dust beater is well used twice a week. —New York Advertiser.

THE SOURING OF MILK.

A professor in the Michigan Agricultural College speaks of atmospheric microbes from the foul air of stables getting into milk and causing it to "sour and spoil." This language implies that the souring of milk must of necessity result from its contact with air that is impure. Instead of this the souring is always the result of contact of the milk with the oxygen of the atmosphere. There are always some impurities in air, and these cause it to spoil, the oxygen making this spoiling more rapid. If all impurities could be kept out of milk, it would sour without spoiling. But when milk is in contact with air no matter how pure it may seem, this is impossible. Souring thus necessarily means that the milk will continue to ferment until it becomes rotten or spoiled. The Michigan professor, however, makes a mistake in suggesting the possibility of milking through tubes into close cans, in order to keep out the injurious microbes always found in the air. The air always fills the open space in the cows' teats, and thus the milk even before it leaves them must have some impurities. The only way to have milk entirely pure is to sterilize it by subjecting it to enough heat to destroy all injurious microbes. No care in milking can ever entirely prevent their entrance into it. —Boston Cultivator.

SCURF.

Salt Mackerel Broiled—Soak the mackerel for a while in lukewarm water; take up and wipe dry. Dip in melted butter, then in beaten egg, and roll in bread crumbs. Broil and serve with lemon juice and parsley, or matzo d'hotel butter.

St. George Pudding—One cup each of raisins, sultanas and molasses; three cups of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful mace, two eggs. Boil or steam four hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Rusk—Melt half a pound of butter and mix it with two-thirds of a pint of milk, add flour to make a thick batter and three table-spoonfuls of yeast. Set the batter in a warm place until light. Beat two eggs with half a pound of granulated sugar and work it into the batter with the hand. Add a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, and flour enough to make it sufficiently stiff to mould into cakes the size of biscuits. Let them rise till a spongy lightness. Bake fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

"Beaver" is a very popular name in Pennsylvania. Twenty-one towns have it in their names.

The 724 largest cities in the country show a steady uniform decrease in the average size of the family.

The New York Advertiser thinks it is significant that the greatest divines preach the shortest sermons.

Dr. Carroll estimates that 20,000,000 religious services, not counting the Sunday school, are held every year in the United States, and that 10,000,000 sermons are preached in 165,000 places of worship.

A large wholesale manufacturer of corsets says that there is a large and increasing demand for men's stays, and that many doctors are recommending their male patients to wear corsets in care for round shoulders or a weak back.

Public Opinion states that M. Raffaelli, the celebrated French artist, in an interview recently, expressed the opinion that the decadence in French art was due to social causes. For the future of art he considers America the most promising country.

The New York Advertiser says a very large number of the clergy now read from type-written sermons, either doing the work themselves or dictating it to some member of the family taught to operate the machine. There is a popular impression that these type-written sermons facilitate "good delivery."

The Petit Journal hits at the New York Herald for stating that in case of a war between England and France, the latter country might, if her were just, "count upon the sympathy of one-third of the American citizens." "Then, the other two-thirds," quoth the Petit Journal, "would be against us, though our cause were just."

A French paper reports that at Vicksburg, Miss., a drunken man killed his wife, causing her death. Filled with remorse, he had the guilty leg amputated, and out of the bones constructed a cross which he planted on the grave of his victim. And since then he has gone daily on a wooden leg to the cemetery to pray before the bone cross. "Touching, isn't it, this French story?" comments the incredulous New York Press.

Sir Henry Wixson, of Victoria, Australia, who is now in this country for the purpose of studying its labor conditions, paid the following tribute to the United States Supreme Court the other day: "We recognize the Supreme Court of the United States as one of the greatest judicial institutions in the world. Its decisions command the greatest respect in every English court. While its decisions may not have the same technical precision as those in England, they are broader in principle and are recognized as fountain heads of the greatest principles of law."

Professor Heinrich Gesseken, writing in the Nineteenth Century, says that Germany has a war treasure of \$30,000,000 in coined gold lying in the Julius Tower of Spandau, a much larger sum than Caesar deposited and Mark Antony extricated from the temple of Ope; and that the other great Powers, France, England, Russia, and perhaps Austria, have each a like fund, more or less ready for instant use in the emergency of war. "If we credit these Powers with the same reserve as that possessed by Prussia," the New York Tribune estimates, "it withdraws from the commerce and currency of the world \$150,000,000 in gold, which is after all only about forty cents per capita for all the population of Europe, and is not so ruinous as at first glance it might appear to be. Taken altogether, it is only an inconsiderable fraction of the cost of our Civil War, or the indemnity paid by France to Prussia after the campaign of Sedan and the downfall of the Empire. It is a good deal of money to be sure, to be kept in idleness, drawing no interest, and making no figure in bank balances, but it is sure to get into circulation again some time, and warm up the arterial flow of the world's commerce, as it ought to do, instead of lying idle in the crypts of fortresses."

THIS OLD COUNTRY.

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
With her on the mountain top, or climbin' down the hill!
Don't care how corn's a millin'—if cotton's high or low,
This old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
Every time we feel her shake, we have a friendly chill!
Don't care how things is goin'—when the tempest blow,
This here old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still—
With her when we sow the grain, an' we go to mill.
Don't care what's in the future—we'll know what we do,
For this old country, brethren, is the best one that we know!

—Atlanta Constitution.

MARY VERNER'S ROMANCE.



EAVY curtains of darkness were swiftly enveloping the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the postoffice, of which she was the mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked, then, pinning a broad-leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow, she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet, evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a man's voice said:

"Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

The girl—young and slender and graceful as a fawn—ran out into the lonely road.

"You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried, and threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Reuben Halsey kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke.

"Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say 'good-by!'"

"Good-by—good-by! You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?" She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweet-heart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died into silence.

"Go on; tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I'd saved for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings left, but the drought has killed the stock and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

"Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh! my poor boy!" She stretched forth her pitying hands toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben, tell me how it happened. Ah, surely you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune," and once more she crept to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him.

"'Twas no misfortune; 'twas a crime. Your little savings, those few coins you've starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amidst a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered.

"Down there? At Ffolliott's!"

"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost it all aero last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the creepers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence.

Then a woman's voice, tender and low and full of tears, murmured: "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

Reuben Halsey hung his arms above his head and gave a little cry.

"Don't, Mary, don't. I rather you would strike me!"

The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and girl as they said farewell. For Reuben had settled to leave the canyon that night.

"Bill Redfern, One-Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portuguese are going, too.

"We're all broke, and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, "as in this canyon here.

"Don't sub so, my girl, you'll break my heart. I'm not worth a tear from

your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me sometimes, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar, think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

One kiss on her brow, then a clatter of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her log cabin and sob out her heart till the dawn.

Reuben Halsey and his companion had left the Great White canyon for a week. Mary's cheeks, a ver very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many tears.

Yet, Paul Harding—"Beauty" Paul, he was called in the canyon—thought he had never seen Mary as lovely, as he clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning, and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

He watched, with his handsome dark eyes, her small white fingers go through the letters lying on the counter before her.

But she finally shook her head.

"Nothing for you to-day." Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, jingled his spurs boots upon the floor, and continued to stare through the pigeon-hole window at the girl, as she flitted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked him presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to you one minute privately?"

"You can say what you've got to say where you are."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up they lit on the snowy shelves of bright and simple utensils and shining pans which lined the walls.

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is!"

But she stayed his compliments.

"You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halsey till his place was burnt out and he came into my shanty. I saw Rube three days back."

"You are Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes. He and his chums passed through Long Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we'll be good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn when he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, straight as a dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesquely rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tiny blue-clad figure of the post-mistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lifted her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

With that soft glance burning in his brain and those gentle words pulsing in his ears, "Beauty" Paul swung himself into his peaked saddle and sent his horse full speed down the hill to Ffolliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a little two-wheeled cart, gay with bells and bright colors, to Mary's door and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and "Beauty" Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home, in the heart of green county in England. He made her laugh with his tales of college life, and shudder with his description of the campaign in Egypt, which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, an English gentleman and a gallant officer, came to be loaing and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in the Great White canyon. Paul Harding—degraded as he was, and lacking in reverence for women—at least had too much respect for the little post-mistress to tell her that black page in his life.

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

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Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he hung himself before her eyes, and prayed her to save him from that from which he was powerless to save himself—from drink and sins and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his and, with her heart full of Rube Halsey, she promised to marry Paul—for his soul's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter he held to her promises. At Christmas he broke from her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but she ended by forgiving. When he was with Mary he vowed not to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste another drop of whisky, nor look at a card. But beyond the word of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of their marriage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the "boys" he would be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the "Beauty" was just the song-singing, yarn-telling, whisky-drinking scamp who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he stood treat so long in the bar-tender would stand him.

Paul was full of liquor—he had drunk Mary's health with every man in the place—and he was also full of luck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor, when big Bill Redfern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Halloo, Bill—you back! What luck, pard?"

"Luck, my lad! I leave luck to fools and deadbeats. I've been working and, thank God, I've worked for something. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground and I've struck ore! None of your dust or pocket, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, and I've come back with it."

Paul looked up with a start. His eyes flashed and he seemed to grow sober in a moment as the situation presented itself. Here was he drunk in a gambling hell on the eve of his marriage with Mary and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered.

"I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me distract the game."

"The game is up!" cried Paul with an oath as he struck the table and made the money jingle.

"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill.

"Sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Reuben Halsey."

"Come, come," said Bill, good-humoredly, have a drink; I'm standing treat, and as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's!"

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush at him.

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the nostril, and "Beauty" Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the post-office to break the news to Mary. There was a light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly, and with bowed heads, they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough-and-ready jury, having reconsidered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Redfern's well-known prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."—Chicago Times.

WISE WORDS.

Rank and riches are chains of gold, but still chains.—Rafferty.

Of all virtues, justice is the best; valor without it is a pest.—Waller.

In the meanest hut is a romance, if you but know the hearts there.—Van Ense.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are.—Landon.

What is birth to a man if it be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an offspring.—Sir P. Sidney.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own errors as in keeping those of your neighbor.—Dartley.

Enough; here is a world of love; no more we ask to know; the heart will guide thy ways above that shaped thy task below.—J. W. Holmes.

Gloom and sadness are poison to us, the origin of hysterics, which is a disease of the imagination, caused by vexation and supported by fear.—Savigny.

Men perished in winter winds till one smote fire from flintstones coldly, holding what they held, the red embers treasured from the heating sun.—Edwin Arnold.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ANDREW PATER, EDITOR

Martinton, Friday, April 26, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County

Subscription ONE DOLLAR in advance. If not paid within the year \$100 will be charged.

Entered at the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

A DECISION declaring the Walker election law unconstitutional, has been handed down by the Supreme Court of Virginia. The law is practically the same as our Australian system of voting.

In New York city, Mayor Strong who was elected by the lavish use of the word reform, has disappointed his constituents by refusing to turn the Tammany office-holders out. He has made only 200 changes out of a possible 17,000.

Bone is higher in the city markets at this time than it has been for twenty-three years. Many of our stockmen are taking the country for all manner of stock which will be fit to ship this fall. Others who have gained the reputation of being equally long-headed, remark that "many a man has been busted just that way," and are fearful that it is no special sign of a better market this fall.

PROFESSOR GARNER, the man who professes to understand the monkey language, has been exposed. He recently went to the Congo to dwell in the jungles and take down stenographic notes of what he overheard, intending to divulge the most sacred secrets of the most respectable of monkey families. Instead of doing this, he took lodgings with a missionary, and proceeded to make up his lies out of his head. The missionary came to France and denounced him not only as an imposter in science but as a regular sponge in the way of a visitor. Garner evidently believes in writing a book about things no one knows any thing about.

WOOL clothing is cheaper now than ever before in the history of the world. This does not afford the wool growers of this country much satisfaction. No one expects any great advance in the price of wool this year over the price last year. The production of wool is unlike that of any other crop. It is merely an incident of sheep raising and its production depends almost wholly on the price of mutton. If wool were not an article of commerce, still it would be produced and clipped even though it was only to be destroyed or considered merely waste matter. This is a complication not often taken into consideration when the price of wool is in question.

THE Supreme Court of Illinois has called down innumerable anathemas upon its head for its recent decision declaring the law unconstitutional which restricts women employed in factories from working more than eight hours per day.

The court held that the time of a woman was her property to dispose of as she saw fit, and that no restrictions could be placed upon her as long as it was done in a legal manner.

Miss Sarah Simmons, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Hedrick, of Thorn Grove, has come home to attend school. We won't tell who brought her!

Rev. Alexander preached for us at the Sink school house Easter Sunday.

Mr. Amos Shrader of Dummore, passed through this vicinity on his way to Grandy Creek to get work.

Miss Riley thinks it is a bad out, such a mountain country as this, and can't get pasture two or three months for one horse.

Mr. Adam Hydrick, who has been spending a few days with his best girl, has returned to his home on Dry Fork.

NOTICE! Having just arrived from the eastern markets where I bought a valuable line of general merchandise my spring opening will commence Saturday, April 27. Everybody is invited to come in and examine my stock, whether you want to buy or not. Very truly, Marlinton, W. Va. P. C. G.

It seems certain from newspaper reports that some eight months ago a mistake was made by the authorities of the insane asylum at Weston, which is not at all pleasant to contemplate. A female inmate died, and Christopher Tetric, of Ritchie county, was notified that his wife, who has been an inmate of the asylum for several years, was dead. He brought the body home and it was interred as the body of his wife. It turns out now that Tetric's wife is still alive. There must have been a remarkable resemblance between the two women. This incident, if true, illustrates how dead to the world is the insane person, when even their identification depends on their keepers.

The Marble of Pocahontas.

Mr. B. M. Yeager has recently been investigating the quantity and quality of the marble discovered last year in Capt. William L.

McNeil's farm, near Academy. Specimens have been sent by Capt. McNeil to several of the great capitalists of West Virginia, and all have pronounced it a very valuable variety of Tennessee marble. It varies in color from black to red, the black being considered the most valuable.

The men seemed to scout the idea that any quantity of marble could be found in this county, and said they could only be convinced when they saw a piece from this county too big to have been carried in by hand. The result of Mr. Yeager's investigation convinces him that the vein extends through the entire length of West Pocahontas. He found a vein 12 feet in thickness on farms owned by himself and R. B. Kerr, in upper Pocahontas, fifty or more miles from where Captain McNeil has opened his prospective quarry. He has taken a big box of samples to the city with him to ascertain the value.

Our Dramatic President.

When the ministers of the Baltimore Conference went to see President Cleveland, on his special invitation, Rev. John A. Taylor, of this county was named as the man who should act as spokesman for the body of ministers. The President afforded them a very gracious reception, and it was one of the great events of the visit to Washington. Mr. Taylor made a few appropriate remarks saying that the prayers of the Conference were with him and his Congress. The President tried to give them a very kindly look and quell them with his eye and said most solemnly, "Gentlemen, your prayers are needed!" The ministers didn't awe worth a cent, and the fat President must have failed to make himself impressive, for the preachers broke out into one big laugh, and so we suppose that the President is more of a comedian than a tragedian.

Rich Mountain Items.

We have been having very changeable weather. Saturday before we had snow, hail, rain, and sunshine.

Mr. J. M. Hiner of Doe Hill, brought a drove of 55 cattle out to Rich Mountain to summer. Also Mr. J. W. Henefer, of Hightown, brought a drove of sixty.

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The Evolution of the News Item.

Nothing affords keener interest than to read the great number of West Virginia newspapers. They are the indicators of the state of affairs in their respective counties, and readers see what is filling the minds of the people of the different sections, as far as he has any business to know. Of minor interest is the watching the evolution of the News Item as it is printed for many a weary week, gathering interest as it makes its round. To illustrate the point, we will suppose there has been an occurrence in this county which, the local press reports, and the exchanges copy as follows:

"YESTERDAY Bill Stone and Ed. Blain had an altercation on the street, having fallen out over a trifling matter, and blows passed. They were soon separated and fined by the Mayor \$1 each and costs." — *Pocahontas Post*.

"IN Pocahontas County, last week Messrs. William Stone and Edward Blaine, two prominent citizens met at the county seat and engaged in fistfights, having fallen out over a woman. Both were badly bruised, and arrested and fined \$10 each and costs." — *Greenbrier Gossiper*.

"A BLOODY battle took place in Pocahontas County, last week, between William Stone and Edward Blaine, two extensive stock raisers of that county. They fell out concerning the ownership of a steer. Stone struck Blaine with his cane, Blaine returned the blow, and a desperate fight ensued. Blaine had his ear bitten off, Stone was left unconscious on the field, and both were bound over to await the action of the grand jury." — *Hardy Hustler*.

"LAST week, two prominent landowners named Stone and Blaine of Pocahontas County, came to the Clerk's office to settle a controversy concerning a tract of land. They got into a dispute and soon opened hostilities. Stone threw a paper-weight at Blaine and knocked him down, and jumped on him and trampled him most brutally. The County Clerk, who tried to separate them, was dangerously cut by Blaine, and both were badly injured. Stone was arrested, and gave bail for his appearance at Court in the sum of \$1000." — *Martinton Multiplier*.

Special to The Regulator:
"NEWS has reached us of a bloody affray in Pocahontas County. Yesterday Big Bill Stone and 'Cap.' Ed. Blaine, two noted desperadoes from Bitter Creek, came into the county seat of that county and met on the main street of the town. Bad blood existed between the two young men on account of a rivalry occasioned by both paying attention to old man Dave Sundown's pretty daughter, Pamela. Both were armed with revolvers. 'Big Bill' ensconced himself behind a horse-block, and 'Cap' took refuge behind an empty coal oil barrel. They both fired a number of times without effect, and the street was deserted. Finally they threw their revolvers away, by mutual consent, and advanced to have it out with their fists. 'Cap' Blaine had a spring dirk with which he stabbed 'Big Bill,' who was trying to open his pocket knife. Stone cannot recover, and Blaine has been remanded to jail and bail refused." — *Wheeling Regulator*.

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We have been having very changeable weather. Saturday before we had snow, hail, rain, and sunshine.

Mr. J. M. Hiner of Doe Hill, brought a drove of 55 cattle out to Rich Mountain to summer. Also Mr. J. W. Henefer, of Hightown, brought a drove of sixty.

Miss Sarah Simmons, who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Ed. Hedrick, of Thorn Grove, has come home to attend school. We won't tell who brought her!

Rev. Alexander preached for us at the Sink school house Easter Sunday.

Mr. Amos Shrader of Dummore, passed through this vicinity on his way to Grandy Creek to get work.

Miss Riley thinks it is a bad out, such a mountain country as this, and can't get pasture two or three months for one horse.

Mr. Adam Hydrick, who has been spending a few days with his best girl, has returned to his home on Dry Fork.

NOTICE! Having just arrived from the eastern markets where I bought a valuable line of general merchandise my spring opening will commence Saturday, April 27. Everybody is invited to come in and examine my stock, whether you want to buy or not. Very truly, Marlinton, W. Va. P. C. G.

NOTICE! Having just arrived from the eastern markets where I bought a valuable line of general merchandise my spring opening will commence Saturday, April 27. Everybody is invited to come in and examine my stock, whether you want to buy or not. Very truly, Marlinton, W. Va. P. C. G.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cackley's executors against Jas. T. Rose.

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cackley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A. D. Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid.

N. C. MCNEIL, Special Commissioner.

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

vs.

One hundred acres

and

Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia vs. One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st—Whether or not the two tracts set forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are real

and waste and unappropriated.

2d—If waste and unappropriated

the exact location of said tracts,

and all other things required to be

reported under chapter 105 of the

code of West Virginia, 1891, as

amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take

and state and report he shall pub-

lish in the *POCAHONTAS TIMES*, a

newspaper published in this coun-

ty, and post at the front door of the

court house for four consecutive

weeks, a notice of the time and

place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acres and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL, Commissioner.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

LEADER 176.

FRENCH COACH STALLION (IMPORTED)

Black: foaled May 11, 1889; bred by M. Tribout, of Chateau de Almenelles, department of Orne; got by the government stallion Cleon II. DAM: Paquette (brown) by Omega out of a daughter of Hosselin.

This horse, imported by M. W. Dunham, and owned by the undersigned company, will stand an early season in Pocahontas, at the following place, commencing about April 20th:

ACADEMY Joe McNeil's,

EDRAY S. B. Moore's,

(Possibly at CLOVER LICK)

It is the intention of the owners of this horse to make two seasons with him, giving the earlier season to Pocahontas and the later to Greenbrier.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER CONCERNING "LEADER."

"This breed is conceded by all who are familiar with the subject to be the Arab, Barb, and Turkish horse. Recognizing these facts in my Selections I have always refused animals whose pedigree, when analyzed, did not trace in all lines directly to the Oriental origin. In offering you the colt 'Leader' I think I can safely say that no horse of any blood possesses a pedigree tracing through its different lines so many times to this highly prized blood as does 'Leader.' I am frank to say that I have never traced one that did not half as many. This colt traces 390 times to the Arab, 464 to the Barb, and 484 to the Turk. This statement may seem incredible to you. I have the documents to prove it, however. If I cannot substantiate all I say, the colt will not cost you \$1 dollar. I venture to say that you cannot buy another colt in the United States, at any price, has one-twentieth the number of Arab blood that this one possesses."

Yours very truly,

(Signed) M. W. DUNHAM.

"Leader" is a very handsome horse, stylish and large, and has taken first premium over a large lot in the State of Illinois. The judge said to the crowd that he was 'the best colt to suit him he had ever seen.'

TERMS: TO INSURE: One mare \$8;

two mares, bred by same owner, \$13;

three mares, bred by same owner, \$21.

GREENBRIER LIVE-STOCK CO.

J. A. SHARP & CO.

Have Established a Firstclass

Harness and Saddlery

Store and Shop,

AT—

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Something that has been needed in this county for years.

They carry a complete line of HARNESS, SADDLES, COLLARS, HARDWARE, and TRIMMINGS.

Both Factory and Handmade.

At Rockbottom Prices.

ALSO,

HOME NEWS

A great many changes have been brought by local attorneys for May rules.

Cost Month has broken ground for a fine brick mansion which will be completed by fall.

Land is high in Crab Bottom, Highland county. Recently a farm of 60 acres was sold for \$5,000.

Land in Stony Creek, Marlinton, a little colored girl, daughter of Jim Wilson, of con-signment, aged 12 years.

Mr. Uriah Bird, the proprietor of the Pocahontas Hotel is building a large addition to his property. There is great activity in the hotel circles.

The iron fence for the courthouse square has been recently hauled, and the work of construction is now going on. Around the jail will be a fifteen-foot fence, which will prevent any one from staying near the windows of the prisoners' cells.

Hereafter only a privileged few will be able to obtain a view of the jail while there are any prisoners confined therein. Jailer Sipple had notices printed this week to the effect that only those who had express permission would be allowed to visit the jail, and all sight-seers will be barred a view of the unfortunate.

The bodies of two attractive young females were recently found in a church in San Francisco. Suspicion rests upon a young medical student, who is supposed to have a mania for investigating feminine ailments. They were pupils of a Normal school, and were about ready to enter upon upon their chosen profession as teachers.

It seems that the North Pole has been discovered at last by Dr. Jansen, a Norwegian explorer. It was found in a range of mountains and the spot marked by the flag of Norway. Those who had hoped that this honor was in store for our own stars and stripes may console themselves by the reflection the North Pole remains open to all adventurers.

The greater part of April was monopolized by the March moon, and as we have had March weather in April. The April moon runs far into May, and so let no one be impatient if May should seem capricious. The phases of the moon mark the real progress of the season, while the Julian Calendar is a human device, fixed and arbitrary, intended for the mere reckoning of time for social and business purposes.

The Rev. Sam Small retired from the position of managing editor of the Norfolk Pilot. He resumes for the future all personal and public concern with current politics and will give his exclusive attention to his law business. This movement is made under fire, and he leaves his paper embarrased with two law suits for heavy damages. From such friends may we all be delivered, helping us in trouble, but doing nothing to help us out.

Marion, Ohio, has become a very familiar name for namesless crimes. The last court held in this was at Marion. It was caused by a considerable process of thorough examination out of the primitive laws. The sheriff with his drawn sword was greatly assisted by an Indian spectator to be removed towards the court house, leaving the judge, lawyers and other justice. The Indian carried the free-thinking sheriff, but took a musket in the eye of a buckeye tree in the town. Buckeye appears to be the state.

Our valued friend Jim Jack, of Marlinton, brought in a prosecution late last Wednesday, and seemed quite a prominent and popular attorney. Marlinton is Jim's home. He is a man of great ability and a man of great worth, which was well manifested. After that a summary was called on which Jim Wilson left over a disappointed heart to his home.

Our valued friend Jim Jack, of Marlinton, brought in a prosecution late last Wednesday, and seemed quite a prominent and popular attorney. Marlinton is Jim's home. He is a man of great ability and a man of great worth, which was well manifested. After that a summary was called on which Jim Wilson left over a disappointed heart to his home.

The interesting information is communicated by the Rockingham Register that a contract has been signed for the construction of forty miles of the Chesapeake and Western Railroad, beginning at Elkin and coming westward through Rockingham County. Mr. Edward Purcell has been awarded the contract. He has had considerable experience in Southwest Virginia and Kentucky. It is expected work will begin about the middle of May. This means railway facilities within the limits of Pocahontas within eighteen months, from the east, unless unforeseen accidents arise.

In Tea Creek, a noted trout stream tributary to William's River, there is a rock which is considered as being excessively dangerous. Whoever steps on it falls down very hard. The stream is so narrow that the fisherman naturally steps on it, and when once he has rested his weight on it, it is impossible to keep from falling. The guides warn strangers, but it is seldom it fails to throw him who ventures up the stream. It is an innocent looking rock several feet square, slopes in every direction, and is smoother than glass.

Attention is called to H. A. Yeager's advertisement of sale by way of public auction of household and kitchen furniture and farming implements. Mr. Yeager will retire from the hotel business on the first of May, and the elegant hotel known as the Skyles House will be occupied by C. A. Yeager, the well known proprietor of the Marlinton House who will occupy both houses hereafter.

Messrs. J. E. Craddock, Alex. McLean, and J. C. Arbogast, from West Virginia, have been in Orange several days looking over our lumber interests, with a view to locating in this section. They went through some of the mills and went to the lake on the "Fannie" yesterday, and today went to Michigan camps to look over the timber. — Tribune (Tex.)

In Preston County Sheriff Shaw was shot by a horse thief whom he had arrested. Ex-Sheriff Jackson wounded the assassin, and the whole party, numbering four, then yielded and were lodged in jail. A lot of weapons and stolen jewelry was found on their persons.

A young man named Hanna, from Greenbrier County, while working on Overholts sawmill, received a painful injury a few days since. It was feared that amputation of the arm might be necessary, but it is hoped he may recover without losing his arm.

Our friend R. V. Perkins, of Mill Point, has removed to Caldwell Station where he is in charge of a large roller flouring mill of the capacity of 50 bbls. daily. It was built by the Salem Machine Works at a cost of \$8,500.

Capt. Smith was highly elated over becoming the possessor of twin bull calves last week, as he says it is a sign of good luck. The calves were of good size and were beautiful animals. He traded them off to W. McClinton of Buckeye.

An fine-looking ox dropped dead in the street Wednesday. The yoke belonged to Mr. Uriah Bird, and were drawing a portable steam engine.

Mr. Ricketts has bought the racing mare, "Sparkle," of Mr. J. H. G. Wilson, and will run her the coming season.

McCollum-Moore.

A happy marriage was consummated Wednesday at 4 P. M., when Mr. George W. McCollum and Miss Jane Moore were united, by Rev. William T. Price at the residence of the bride's father near town. The groom is a well-known business man of the county, and the bride the oldest daughter of Aaron Moore, Esq., a charming young lady. A few friends were invited to witness the ceremony and repeat a delightful time. The newly married couple will reside on the groom's farm near that place.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Given at this date the 23d day of April, 1895.

John C. WILKINSON.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dr. J. M. Cunningham is absent on a trip to Monterey.

Mr. P. Golden and wife returned from Baltimore last Sunday.

Capt. J. W. Marshall came up from Hillsboro last Monday to attend to some legal matters.

Attorneys McClintic and Bratton were practicing in Justice Grose's court at Hunterville last Tuesday.

Mr. J. W. Whiting, of Ronceverte, has been in town the past week.

Mr. M. D. McLaughlin and son, William McLaughlin, of Greenbrier County, made us a call last week.

Messrs. A. D. Bruce and E. Brooke-Hunt, of Mingo, passed through this place on their way to Greenbrier. They were accompanied by Mr. J. H. G. Wilson, of Marlinton.

Mr. Isaac Waugh vacated the mill property and moved to the Sulphur Spring last week. Mr. D. Waugh will move from the Indian Draft and occupy the mill property hereafter.

Mr. John Waugh has a very brilliant and transparent stone in his possession that will cut glass and scratch the hardest steel. It was picked up near the old shop, many years ago, and was brought there by the Indians, no doubt.

Mrs. William C. Mann, who has been quite sick, is about restored to her usual health.

Mrs. Walter Mann, of Edray, has been quite afflicted with a rheumatic affection, but is convalescent.

Mr. Henry McNeil, who has not been in our county since 1868, is now visiting his brother, Capt. W. L. McNeil. Pocahontas looks like a new country to him, so many have been the changes. He now resides in the State of Washington. He has led a busy and eventful life. A few years ago, before the panic, his property was valued at seventy thousand dollars.

Page Barlow, of Edray, is now Dr. P. D. Barlow, having graduated at the Baltimore Medical College on the 19th inst. Cards are out for his wedding to Miss Nellie Dunne, of Baltimore, on the 30th.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bambriek, of Dillie's Mill were in town Wednesday.

Biblical Question.

ANTIQUITY, O. April 22, 1895.

Editor Pocahontas Times:

I see your Green Bank correspondent asked the question to be answered through the TIMES, what were the names of Moses and Aaron's father and mother? Exodus 6:20 reads, "And Aaron took him Jochobed, his father's sister, to wife; and she bare him Aaron and Moses." Numbers 26:57 reads, "And the name of Aaron's wife was Jochobed, the daughter of Levi whom her mother bare to Levi in Egypt, and she bare unto Aaron, Aaron and Moses and Miriam their sister." J. A. PARKINS.

Miss Veva Ledbetter sends in a like reply from Traveler's Repose.

Obituary.

Mrs. James Hall, Mitchell's Mills, Indiana county, Penn., died April 9th, 1895, 1895, aged 65 years. This highly esteemed lady was the mother of Mrs. E. A. Smith, of Marlinton. Two years since Mrs. Hall was stricken with paralysis and about two months ago, she fell and fractured a femoral bone. Her daughter went at once to be with her, and remained until the end. She was a person of excellent qualities of mind and heart, and all acquainted with her are assured that she sleeps in Christ and God will bring her with Him at His coming.

Military Notice.

We wish to call the attention of the ladies to the fact that Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager will establish a first class military establishment in Marlinton not later than the last week in April. Wait until that time before investing in your needs in this line, for their stock will positively embrace all the late and tasteful styles. Miss Maud Yeager is now in Baltimore taking a special course to fit herself, and will return with a complete line.

As soon as Alaska is, and as it increases in its wealth, we will name for it less than half a cent.

Given at this date the 23d day of April, 1895.

John C. WILKINSON.

Green Bank.

We are having fine weather at this time, and farmers are putting in oats and getting ready to plant corn. J. O. Beard, Esq., has sown some spring wheat. Why should not more of our farmers do likewise?

Dr. J. P. Moonau will sow about 60 or 70 acres of oats this spring. If the season is good he will have enough; if the crop fails he will have enough for one farmer.

J. B. Bradshaw, of McDowell, Va., was in Green Bank Saturday.

Samuel Galford, son of Brown Galford, on Back Alleghany, killed a bear, one day last week, with an ax. Bruin was climbing a log fence and got fast, and the boy being close in pursuit, overtook him before he could get out. The bear was about a two-year-old.

Lawrence Nottingham has gone to Cowen, W. Va., to skid logs at the lumber camp. He took along his brother Zack's span of greys.

Rev. Hess, the junior preacher for this circuit, arrived on the 20th inst., and preached at this place on the 21st. He made a good impression on the people.

Rev. J. T. Maxwell and family arrived at the parsonage last week.

There will be Sacramental Services at Liberty Church on the 5th of next month, (D. V.)

The Sunday School at this place is making a good start. There are 75 in attendance, and more to come in. A cordial invitation is extended to old and young to attend.

Rev. Maxwell will preach at this place (we suppose) on the 28th inst., as that is his day at this place.

Rev. A. F. Hess will preach at Mt. Vernon next Sunday at 11 o'clock, and at Oak Grove at 3:30.

The first quarterly meeting for this circuit will be held at Dunmore Saturday and Sunday, the 4th and 5th of May. Preaching on both days by the Presiding Elder.

L. C. Bartlett, the champion painter, is arranging to paint Miss Lizzie Wilfong's house, on Back Alleghany, and also to paper the Presbyterian church.

Mr. J. W. Oliver is attending a meeting of the District Stewards, at Lewisburg, to-day (Tuesday.)

Mr. P. P. Oliver is moving into the McClintic House this week.

Big Foot.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, Marlinton, W. Va., April 23, 1895.

D. W. Sharp

vs.

S. L. Barlow, et al. In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to wit:

1st.—A statement of the amounts of Lev. Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, Marlinton, W. Va., Apr 23, 1895.

Andrew C. Wooddell's ad'm'r.

vs.

Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et al.

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5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON.

Commissioner.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

E. H. SMITH

Bargains! Bargains!

ON FEBRUARY 1ST

I WILL BEGIN TO CLOSE OUT MY ENTIRE STOCK OF
WINTER GOODS FOR ACTUAL COST, For Cash.

Come in and get goods in price lower than you
have ever seen them. Clothing, Overcoats,
Boots, Shoes, Men's Woolen Shirts, Blankets
Dress Goods, in fact every thing you need.

THESE GOODS

Must Be Closed Out

BEFORE MY SPRING STOCK COMES IN.

— I MEAN BUSINESS —

And will convince you that my prices are lower than you — buy else-
where in the county.

VERY TRULY YOURS

S. W. HOLT.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Looking Backward

— MAY BE A PLEASING PASTIME —

But we take more pleasure in "Looking Forward" to the time when the
population of this county will all have become convinced that at my
establishment is the place to buy anything in the merca-
tule line than anywhere else in the county.

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc.

— YOU MUST EAT —

Since it is a self evident fact that you must Eat to Live, or Live to Eat
I desire to present to your consideration my complete stock of

GENERAL GROCERIES.

CAREFUL SELECTION, PURE GOODS,
REASONABLE PRICES

— APPEAL TO YOUR —

REASON

POCKET

HEALTH

P. GOLDEN,
Marlinton, W. Va.

{West End
of Bridge.

MARLINTON HOUSE.
Located near Court House.
Terms.

per day 1.00
per meal 25
lodging 25

Good accommodations for horse-
as cents per feed.

Special made by the week or
month

C. A. YEAGER, Proprietor

G. C. AMLUNG,
FASHIONABLE

BOOT AND SHOEMAKER
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All work guaranteed to workmen
shop, leather, leather.
Heddle, leather, leather.
Gloves, leather, leather.

BLACKSMITHING
AND

Wagon Repairs.

C. Z. HEVNER.

MARLINTON, W. VA.
Shop situated on the junction
of Main Street and Court Ave.
near opposite the Court House.

FIRE FIRE
Insurance against fire to the
Peabody Insurance Co.,
WHEELING, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than
you imagine—serious and
fatal diseases result from
trifling ailments neglected.

Don't play with Nature's
greatest gift—health.

If you are feeling
out of sorts, weak
and generally ex-
hausted, nervous,
and have no appetite,
and can't work
begin at once taking
the most trifling
medicine which is
Brown's Iron Bitter. A few
tablespoonfuls will
cure you of the
trifling disease
and you will take
it with pleasure.

**Brown's
Iron
Bitters**

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Trouble, Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous Complaints,
Women's Complaints.

It has been found to be
a great remedy for all
kinds of diseases, and
is a great favorite with
the medical profession.

Let Us Pray.

(Published by request of Mrs. Lillie
B. Lockridge, Dr. Driscoll, W. Va.)

To the Editor of the State:

It has been decided to hold a
great convention of all the ministers
of all the denominations in the
State of Virginia, in the City of
Richmond about the middle of
June. The object of this conven-
tion is to seek great spiritual
blessings from God on all people and
churches, and preachers; and the
glory of God. It is currently
known as the "Holy Spirit Conven-
tion."

This article is published in order
to make a earnest request to all
Christians everywhere, and especially
in Richmond and Virginia,
to unite in fervent prayer to the
Lord for His guidance and His
precious blessing. It is requested
that mention be made of the con-
vention in prayer meetings, and in
private devotions. The old Christians
and invalid Christians who
cannot attend meetings are earnestly
requested to pray in their homes
for the blessings of the Lord in
this convention. And also let all
the ministers pray for it in private
and in public.

Let not any man, woman or
child, however great, however lowly,
think his or her prayers are not
asked for.

Pray that the churches may send
their pastors and pay their expen-
ses if necessary. Pray that God
may cause the way to open for the
poorly-paid preacher to attend.
Pray that God will give a favor
with the transportation compa-
nies. Pray that God will make
Virginia tremble with His power,
and shake the powers of darkness
out of their places and destroy
them. Pray that there may break
out revivals in every church in Vir-
ginia. Let us all unite and make
one great, glorious prayer-meeting,
whose cries, like burning incense,
may ascend from all hearts to Him
whose "Kingdom ruleth over all."
Pray that the ministers of Virginia
may be wonderfully filled and con-
trolled by the Holy Spirit, and
that such power may be given unto
them, that every-body shall mar-
vel and confess that "the Lord God
omnipotent reigneth."

We would be very glad if any
who comply with this request will
send us a kind word on a postal
card.

And now will the papers, "the
hewers of wood and the drawers of
water" for Isreal, help, and let us
add, "the Lord give the word and
great was the company of them
that published it." Will the Rich-
mond, Norfolk, Danville, Lynch-
burg, Roanoke, and Petersburg
papers please publish the above?

Yours in Christ,
JNO. W. DAUGHERTY,
Richmond, Va.
Representing 500 Virginia preachers.

Baby sick, gave her Castoria.
she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she she clung to Castoria.
When Children, she gave them Castoria.

Important to You

Having resumed the practice of veter-
inary surgery (limited) I will treat
the following diseases in Pocahontas
and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone
and bone-spavin, curb pollevit, fistula, and
heaves. Ferina, specific and cures
guaranteed. I am also general agent
for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which
is specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-
throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, bone
troubles, and pains of every description,
external or internal. Its timely
use will prevent all kinds of contagious
diseases. Address.

T. J. WILLIAMS,
Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

Peerless Feed Grinder.

It will last One horse power
or sufficient. Grinds any grain, either
just merely cracking it, or fine enough
to make family meal. Every big farm
is buying one. References. R. W.
Hill, C. E. Beard, Lee Beard, G. W.
Gallaudet, Frank Hall, Geo. W. Whiting,
Wm. Wilson, and J. H. McNeal. Acid
rain Am making a canary of the
county and will call on you in a short
time. Price to reach of all Agency
for Pocahontas and Greenbrier
counties. Right gold in your day. For par-
ticulars, write to

R. M. BEARD,
Academy, W. Va.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. We-

month will be at Hendershot on

the 25th of April, and remain 3

days. Green Brook, 25th-27th days.

Clover Lick, May 1st & 2nd days. Call

early and make your arrangements

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria ■ Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants
and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine
nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute
for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil.
It ■ Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' ■ by
Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays
feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd,
cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves
teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulence.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach
and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Cas-
toria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for chil-
dren. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its
good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Ossood,
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of
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distant when mothers will consider the real
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"Castoria is so well adapted to children
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
to me."

H. A. Anderson, M. D.,
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"Our physicians in the children's depart-
ment ■ spoken highly of ■ exper-
tise in ■ outside practice with Castoria,
and although ■ only have ■
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merits of Castoria has won us to look with
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Waverley Bicycles.

Are the Highest of All
High Grades



Warranted Superior to
Any Bicycle Built in the World, Regard-
less of Price, or the Name of the Maker.

Read the following opinion of one of the most prom-
inent American dealers, who has sold hundreds of
these wheels:

RICHMOND, VA., Oct 2, 1894.

Indiana Bicycle Company, Indianapolis, Ind. :
GENTLEMEN—The Waverley Scorchers and Bells
to hand yesterday. We are afraid you have ■
the high priced wheel by mistake. You can't mean to
tell us this wheel retails for \$86. We must say that is
is, without exception, the prettiest wheel we have ever
seen, and, moreover, we have faith in it, although it
weighs only 28 lbs. for all Waverleys we have sold
this year and last (and you know that is a right good
number), we have never had a single frame nor fork
broken, either from accident or defect, and that is
High Frame, Wood Rim, more than we can say of any other wheel, however
Detachable Tire, Scorch-high grade, so called, that we sell. We congratulate
er, weight 22 lbs. . . . \$86. ourselves every day that we are the Waverley agents.
Yours truly, WALTER C. MARCUS & CO.

Steel Rims, Waverley
Clincher, Detachable
Tires, weighs 26 lbs.

— GOOD — AGENT — WANTED.

In every town a splendid business
awaits the right man. Get our
Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

26-inch Diamond, Wood
Rims, weight 21 lbs. . . . \$74

Regular Frame, same
weights \$86

Ladies' Drop Frame, same
weights and Tires . . . \$83

26-inch Diamond, Wood
Rims, weight 21 lbs. . . . \$74

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Catalogue "J." Free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

A lily in the highest bay
Leaves the form and bending low
Gently sways her.
It shamed a poor passing bairn
Upon the lily cast his eye.
His sympathy it were.

“Poor little bairn,” the passing said,
“Thine bairn thou with drooping head
Bent over a bairn’s bairn.”

At, and it was a thoughtless deed
To cast the bairn like common weed,
To wither and to die.

“I was from cold and grateful shade
To garden but no money glade
Where one while, no dew bloom,
My bairn was play places for thee,
Thus treated so despatchfully.

And left to wither a bairn.

“The lily is the specimen flower,
The emblem of the pristine power,
Of purity of heart.

King Solomon, in all his power,
Was not adorned like thee, sweet flower,

Thus work of Nature’s art.

“Frequent leaves thou in thy need,
And the dust to root and bleed.

I cannot leave thee so.

Closed by thine bairn a lovely morn,

Where sparkling waters bright and clear,

Over water like flow.

“Open its cool, refreshing breast,
I’ll lay thine gently down to rest.

And touch all thy pain.

The water spouts will change thy shape,

And in a ‘lily of the Lake.’

Thus yet shall bloom again.”

—The Academy.

MANDY’S ORGN.



“WONDER,” reflected Mrs. Bentley, “why Mandy don’t feed them chick’ns—’t high time they was fed? Mandy! Hoo-oo-hoo! You Mandy!”

“Yes, maw, what d’you want?”

A girl about seventeen years old came out the kitchen door, and stood looking at her mother. Mrs. Bentley was twenty or more steps away, and the chickens were making so much noise she had to raise her voice to a disagreeable, rasping pitch. “What’d I want? Why, I want ter know why you don’t feed them chick’ns, missy—that’s what I want! Step around nicely, now, I don’t forget ‘t Chris’mas Eve, p’r a lot o’ extra work ter be done. You ac’n if you didn’t care whether the minister had anything for dinner tomorrow r not!”

“I don’t care,” said the girl, with added emphasis. She came out into the lane, and stood near her mother. Her apron, gathered up in her left hand, was full of wheat. With her right hand she began scattering it on the bare, ungrazed ground.

“Abbie, you think it’s fun ter be ministers’ ‘n’ their wives’ ‘n’ a lot o’ children ter cook ‘n’ work fer an Christmas,” she said, “but I don’t. I wish Christmas had never come—for all the good it does us! Maria Quackenbush’s paws got her a new org’n,” she added, suddenly. A glow of eagerness came across her face, but faded almost instantly.

“Has he?” said Mrs. Bentley, suddenly watching the chickens.

“N’ twenty-four stops, maw.”

“What has?”

“The org’n Maria’s paw got ‘er fer Christmas.”

The elder woman shut her lips together with a kind of grumness.

“I guess it won’t give no better news than one with twenty-two,” she said.

“No,” said Mandy, with a sigh of indifference. “’t maw,” she added, suddenly, with a very passion of longing in her tone, “d’you think paw’ll ever get me ‘er org’n fer Christmas?”

“I do know,” replied her mother. “Looks kind o’ like snow, don’t it? We want them paws ‘f you goin’ ter have dat tomorrow?”

“I do know, any of ‘em’s fat enough.”

A dull grayness lowered upon the scene. The wind whistled a little as it came around the corner of the big house, and plucked some stray locks of the girl’s hair across her neck. A horse came running up from the lower pasture, and leaped over the tall fence, scattering and pawing the ground impatiently. Far down near the corner was the table-tennis table of a nearby hotel.

“There comes the cow,” said Mrs. Bentley, looking uninterestingly. It was a night of comparative inactivity for Mrs. Bentley and her farmer’s daughter, because there was a farmer’s wife.

“There’s the cookin’ to be done,” she added, “and the washing to be done.”

“I wish you’d come,” said that young lady, airily, to Mandy, flicking her horse’s ears with her whip.

“I’ve got lots ter tell you”—ampering—“a’ just piles ter show you.

I’ve got a new dress that’ll make your mouth water!”

“Huh!” sniffl’d Mrs. Bentley, tossing her head contemptuously.

“I know a’ gold chick’ns hair—

what time—” “I’ve got a dollar ‘n’ a quarter a yard.”

“Has you paw sold his hango yet?” asked Mrs. Bentley, with sudden and abounding anguish. But evidently nothing could shake Maria’s self-satisfaction to-day. She returned with plainer Mrs. Bentley’s intense gaze.

“I do know,” she replied airily.

“I’ve got a pair o’ gloves ter match, Mandy. Does you better come, after all? Well, we’ll be goin’ to go to Mr. Underwood”—she gave a decided and briefly exasperated glance, whereas poor Mandy turned pale and Mrs. Bentley’s face assumed a truly purplish hue—“I’ll be

“I know hell mos’ likely he goin’ ter Maria’s 1-morrow, a’-ain’t her now org’n,” she said, looking away.

“Yes, I guess,” said the girl. After a moment’s hesitation, she added: “Maria’s now got ‘er’ a’ offal pretty now down.”

“Did she?”—with a look of interest. “What’s it like?”

“It’s a sort o’ brown ‘n’ gold stripe—chick’ns hair. It’s offal pretty,” added the girl with a kind of bitter reluctance.

Mrs. Bentley was awed into silence for a moment in contemplation of Maria’s splendor; then she gave a little sniff of contempt.

“Well, I don’t see where them Quackenbush git ‘m much money ter spend ‘m foolishness! They got just the——for their pertabes——we did——’n’ they didn’t have no bigger crop, I know. ‘N’ they ain’t sold their hawks yet. It beat me where they git their money ter pay for things!”

“She’s got a pair o’ gloves ter match, too.”

“Ian’ takes! Just ‘s if that pair o’ gray ones she got ‘n’ the spring wasn’t good enough! It beats me. Well, there’s one thing mighty sure! They needn’t any of ‘em think she’s goin’ ter look better in siller fur than you’ll look in that peacock blue o’ your’n!”

“It’s old ‘n’ the hills,” said the girl. Her lips quivered, and there was an undertone of tears in her voice. Her mother looked at her in mute sympathy.

“Maria Quackenbush ain’t got no such bigger ‘n’ your’n,” she said, after a little, taking stock of the girl’s good points; “nor no such hair, ‘n’ she don’t know how ter do’t up like you do. I don’t suppose he’ll take a notion to her.”

“Who will?” There was a conscious look on the girl’s face.

“Dick Underwood.”

“Who’s a-car’n’ whether he does or not?” exclaimed Mandy, with an exaggerated affectation of indifference that but poorly concealed the deep hurt her mother’s words had given. “He’s welcome to, ‘f he wants to! Nobody’ll hinder ‘im, I guess.”

“Hey you got them chick’ns fed?”

“Yes.” She shook the last grains of wheat from her apron. Her face flushed, and tears were very close to her eyes now.

As she turned toward the house, there was a clatter of unevenly galloping horses on the winter ground, and up to the gate dashed Maria Quackenbush and Dick Underwood, laughing noisily, and with a great deal of color in their faces, as if they had been riding recklessly.

“Whoa!” cried Maria, with spirit. “Whoa, I tell you! Hello, Mandy! How do you do, Mis’ Bentley! Guess my hair’s down my back, ain’t it? My! I must be a sight! But when you git this horse warmed up, you can’t go slow on him!”

“Won’t you git down ‘n’ come in?” asked Mrs. Bentley, with cold and unmistakable disapproval. “How do you do, Mr. Underwood? My! how you have changed! Mandy!”

Mandy came to the gate, blushing and looking rather shy and awkward. The young man jumped off his horse and shook hands with her through the gate.

“I’ve only changed in looks,” he said, with shining eyes. “No, we can’t come in to-night. We promised Mrs. Quackenbush we’d be back early to supper.”

“We’re goin’ ter hav some music ‘n’ singin’,” said Maria loftily. “I’ve got a new org’n for Chris’mas, Mandy.”

“Yes, I heard,” said Mandy, faintly.

“Got twenty-four stops ‘n’ two knee swells—a load ‘n’ a soft. ‘T’s got a high back, ‘n’ places fer lamps ‘n’ vases. Can’t you come over to-night?”

“No, I guess not,” said the girl. The color had left her face, and she was looking pale.

“No,” said Mrs. Bentley, with a hard look in her eyes, “she’ll hav ter do all the work ter night. I’m a-go’ ter town.”

“Why, maw!” exclaimed Mandy, in amazement. “R’ you, honest? What you goin’ fur?”

“I’m a-go’ ter git some things fer dinner to-morrow. I’m all out.”

She began drumming with her coarse red fingers on the gate. There was a look of sudden resolution—almost stubbornness—on her face; and a cold glitter, like steel, in her eyes—especially when she looked at Maria.

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“Good-bye! Hope you’ll hav a good time ter-morrow.”

“Good night,” said the young man, with a lingering look through the gate at the pale, pretty face and wide, hurt eyes. “I wish you a very happy Christmas!”

“Good-night,” said Mandy, with a poor smile that was hardly a smile at all.

“Now, you go right ‘n’ the house ‘n’ do up the work,” Mandy, said Mrs. Bentley, taking up a slop pail and walking with quick, resolute strides. Every step seemed to say, “I’ve made up my mind!” “You tell Peter ter bitch Doch ‘n’ Charley ter the spring wag’n, white I’m dreamin’. ‘N’ you hurry up, too, so’s I git off before you paw git back! I won’t git home to-night; I’ll put up at Mis’ Huntly’s. Hurry up!”

Too occupied with her own reflections to give more than a passing thought to her mother’s sudden resolutions, and eager to get her pale face away from those solicitous eyes, Mandy gladly obeyed.

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Bentley came from the house, dressed for town, and crossed the lane to the barn.

“I’ll show them Quackenbushes!” they can walk over my girl!” she was saying. Her lips were shut firmly together, and there was an ominous look in her eyes. Mandy’s paw’ll never git stirred up ter the pitch o’ my org’n; ‘n’ what’s the sense o’ my keepin’ that hundred dollar ter bury myself with? Guess I’ll git buried decent somehow. ‘N’ then ‘ticien’ Dick Underwood down there on the strength o’ a new org’n ‘n’ new dress!” Her tone was bitter now indeed. “I’ll show ‘em!”

She climbed into the wagon over the front wheel, and took up the reins with decision. “Git up,” she said, in a tone not to be trifled with.

As she passed the kitchen, she looked in, but Mandy was not in sight. The ominous look deepened on the mother’s face. “I’ll show ‘em,” she muttered again. The wind whistled around the corner, and brought with it the first flurry of snow.

The ground was white when Mrs. Bentley drove with a flourish of triumph into the barn yard. Mandy ran out, bareheaded. She was still pale, and her eyes looked as if she had not slept.

“Oh, maw!” she cried. “What you got there?”

“Stop holler’n,” said her mother grimly. “‘Tis a new org’n for you——’n’ got twenty-eight stops ‘n’ three knee-swells!”

“Oh, maw!” exclaimed Mandy, completely overcome. Then—“you’re a holler’n’ yourself! Say, maw, what’s the third swell for?”

“I don’t know what ‘t fur, but ‘t is there. ‘N’ I guess I can holler ‘f I want to, because I’ve showed ‘em! My! I’ve got a dress fer you that cost a dollar ‘n’ a half a yard, ‘n’ two pairs o’ gloves ter match!”

“Oh, maw!” gasped Mandy, “you’re a holler’n’ offal!”

“N’ Dick Underwood told he was com’nt ter see the new org’n. ‘N’ he asked me ‘f I thought you liked him like you sister, ‘n’ like he likes you! So, ‘f I ain’t showed them Quackenbushes, missy, I’d like ter know who has! ‘N’ I guess I can holler ‘f I want to!”

The Latest Thing in Shoes.

Perhaps the most striking thing among the late offerings in sole shapes is the last that turns almost skyward at the toe. The curve begins at the ball, and the toe very much resembles the peaked, turned-up front of some centuries ago that had to be chained to the knee, only that it is not nearly so long, says a writer in *Boots and Shoes Weekly*.

It was not so very long ago that the turned-up toe was in vogue with us, made with a stiff, unyielding, heavy sole-leather bottom. The advocates of this shape confounded them that this was the proper form for the sole of the shoe, because the foot assumed this position in progression. But there was no provision made in it for the foot at rest.

If this new style of turned-up toe is adopted, however, the modern flexible sole will in some degree mitigate the evils of such a shape by permitting the toes of the foot to press downward partially at least. This seems to be one of those novelties in footgear that is more calculated for novelty than comfort.

Progress in Ireland.

Statistics just published show that during the past year 60,000 acres of land have been reclaimed in Ireland. Horses and mules have increased in the island by nearly 10,000. Sheep and cattle have decreased 810,000 and 72,000, respectively; but, on the other hand, pigs have increased to the extent of 287,000, and the poultry census shows a gross and two fowls for every man, woman and child in Ireland, with ducks and turkeys in equal abundance. —*New York World*.

“Why did the football game stop?” “The ball got mashed to a pulp.” “How did that happen?” “A practical joke on one of the teams slipped a wire on it during the game.” —*Puck*.

A DIRE PEST OF RABBITS.

VAST SWARMS OF THE RODENTS OVERRUN NEW ZEALAND.

Hunted For Their Fur and Slaughtered by Millions by the Farmers, They Still Keep on Increasing.

DESCRIBING the rabbit pest of New Zealand, a writer in the *Dry Goods Economist* says: As the increase of rabbits proceeded the crops were laid under contributions by their ravenous teeth. The farms were stripped of their grain, and the fields became barren squares on the plains. The colony was besieged by pest too numerous to be handled. The colonists that if the rabbits did not leave, the people would have to go. They assembled together to devise relief. Their difficulties were too diversified for individual management.

Parliament petitioned to take cognizance of the situation and introduce redress. It took cognizance and panaceas were suggested. Forces were sent against the invaders, armed to the teeth, and ordered to breathe slaughter and play havoc promiscuously. Canines were engaged and traps were employed. Mounted horses were savoring over the plains achieving victories.

Although the plains were carpeted with dead and the hills covered with living bunnies no shrinkage among the living animals was perceptible. Their powers of reappearing were equal to their disappearance. Killing had much influence on their numbers. Fresh arrivals took the places of those leaving by physical exits.

Rewards were offered for improvements in the process of extermination. Lead was found too slow to supply demands. Various schemes were tested. It was discovered that the most convenient channels to reach the systems of the animals would be down their throats. It decided to

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

ADAM PRICE, EDITOR

Charleston, Friday, May 3, 1895

Official Paper of Pocahontas County.

Subscription ONE DOLLAR is ad-
vance. If not paid within one year
\$1.00 will be charged.

Entered in the post office at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter.

From recent developments —
we have slandered Mr. Cleveland to the piece of last week entitled, "Our Dramatic President." This is not the first time he has reviled, and we hope he will not bear malice. We got the whole thing wrong, and will have to tell those who read it to "forget it."

NEVADIA CANDEN says not to have a state convention on the silver question before the national Democratic Convention has time to lay down a uniform line of action. It would be awkward if some "Chicago Convention" should have to reconcile the views of forty-four state conventions when it meets this year. We might have a composite view of the silver question when they adjourned.

Two Virginia names spelled E-n-o-u-g-h-t-y is pronounced "Darby." This is explained recently in the Richmond Dispatch. It seems that the Darbys were a powerful Scotch family who were conquered by one of the Edwards, king of England. In order to humiliate them, a royal edict was issued that they should change their name to "Enoughty." They complied with this decree in the spelling, but when asked how the name was pronounced, always answered "Darby." This seems a very reasonable explanation, and we will ever think of it when we exclaim, "Enoughty and Joan!"

For thousands of years the Sphynx has been a source of wondering admiration, and has become a term expressive of the mysterious. A writer in the eleventh century says in his account "this face is very pleasing, and is of a graceful and beautiful type, one might almost say it smiles winningly." This face is attached to the body of a lion and — perhaps designed to symbolize the blended ideas of power and wisdom. A lady correspondent of the Whirling Register saw this remarkable object last November. It has been much mutilated by a fanatic sheik and the Mamelukes, who used it for a target in their artillery practice. She says, the ears are 4½ feet long, the body 7 inches in length and the mouth 7 feet and 7 inches in breadth. This certainly indicates a massive countenance. This correspondent saw the mummy of Rameses the Great. It measures six feet and so he must have been a person of large, imposing presence, when in his regular apparel.

Here is an account of the celebration of the formation of Monroe county published in some of the most popular papers. "Recently the people of Monroe county, West Virginia, held a grand barbecue to celebrate the division of the county. Tables were spread in the street and all traffic was suspended. Hundreds of stalwart mountaineers came in with their wives and children from the region round about. Big, fat black bears had been driven a mile or two of town, and their carcasses served in barrels along with the plow de ranceau of the feast. Two bears devoured and were satisfied with meat, game, wild turkeys, pheasants, spaniels and all sorts of delicious fowls. Potatoes by the barrel were roasted and pumpkin soup by the barrel filled the famine. Hard cider was the beverage. Local Amos Harrod, the sole brewer of the Hocking Valley, was master of ceremonies."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Three of a Kind!

—READ THE ANSWER IN THIS ADVERTISEMENT—

OUR POINTS OF MERIT

Progressive business men.
Honest Business Principles.
New Desirable Goods.
Superior Quality of Goods.
Lowest Possible Prices.

NOTE SOME PRICES.

Calico — per yard. Batiste 10c and up. Manville Zephyr 12c per yd.
Lawn, White, Black, Both Plain and Fancy 10c and up.
40 in. wide White Lawn 12c. Taffeta Moire 20c.

GENTS. FURNISHING GOODS.

Shirts in Endless Variety 27 Cents and up.
Good Laundried Shirt, in blue, slate or in stripes, 49 cents.

SHOES, SLIPPERS, ETC.

Ladies' Dong. Oxfords, 90c.

" Tan " \$1.80.

Clothing Cheaper than Ever Before.

Fine all-wool black diagonal suits, \$6.25 up.

Ladies' Trimmed Hats, 50 cents and up.

Honest dealing has been my success. Rest assured that I handle nothing but first-class goods. The best proof of my assertions is to come and see. Yours for Bargains,

Marlinton, W. Va. P. GOLDEN.

Speaking of Goods, LET US REMIND YOU OF THE STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of S. W. HOLT.

He is supplied — usual with attractions for

Spring and Summer.

SEE Our Elegant Line of Dry Goods.
Choicest Lot of Family Groceries.
An Extensive Stock of Notions.
Finest Line of Shoes in the County.

Come in to see us when in town and we will

PUT YOU ON THE TRACK

To Save Money.

Marketable Country Produce Bought and Sold

Road Letting.

SEALED BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR PUTTING IN GOOD REPAIR and tollable order the Huntersville and Warm Springs turnpike from the Lockridge Ford, near D. B. McElroy's residence, to the top of the Alleghany Mountain at the State line, until noon on the 20th day of May, 1895. Bidders to state in bids what they will put the road in tollable order for, and what amount in addition to the toll they will put said road in tollable order with the privilege of taking tolls on same for a term of 5 years. The court reserves the right to reject any and all bids. B. L. BROWN, Clerk County Court.

Sawmill Burned.

The sawmill owned by W. H. Overholt, of Frankford, at the mouth of Stamping Creek, was destroyed by fire last Friday night. Loss about \$100. The fire was discovered about two in the morning, and though the mill-crew were camping there they could not save the property. This mill was recently established there for the purpose of shipping lumber by way of the river to the railroad, and was doing an extensive business. How the fire originated is not known.

Lighting Hot Dogs—
What a Funny Name!
Very True, but it Kicks All Pots
and Pans Everywhere. Every Day
Without Rest, There is No Rest.

PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP will always be the chief pur-
pose of human men.

\$8.00

Pictures

2x3½ in.

Weight

21 oz.

THE BULLET.

A roll film camera that hits the mark every time. It's a repeater too; shoots in times and can be used in daylight.

The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all and removes the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to take the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.

BASTMAN KODAK CO. •

Camera Catalogue Free.

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The Bullet is fitted with our new automatic shutter. One button does it all and removes the shutter and changes from time to instantaneous. Achromatic lens. Handsome finish.

An Illustrated Manual, free with every instrument, explains its operation and tells how to take the pictures—but "we do the rest" when you prefer.

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BASTMAN KODAK CO. •

HOME NEWS

April 26, 1860.

Mr. W. H. H. of Valley Head, expects to have 1000 lbs of honey.

Deputy Sheriff Barnes has levied on street for head of stock for taxes, on the Lurey's district.

— David Moore, of Prest, has recently been granted a pension for services in the Union army.

— Married Mr. Wm. Cutlip to Miss Lucy Outlaw, on the 24th of April last. All of near the Dropout Mountain.

— A stock of millinery is being put in this week in the rooms over the Post office, by Mrs. J. A. Cunningham and Miss Maud Yeager.

Mr. Henry Hannan, formerly of Lurey, is now merchandising in Hinton's Valley, and seems to be getting a nice run of custom.

Mr. H. A. Yeager's auction was well attended last Saturday, and every thing seemed to be selling at good prices. Capt. C. B. Swecker, the entertaining auctioneer, made things lively.

A lot has been collected by the trustees, donated by the Development Company, on which will be erected a Methodist church this summer. The site is not far from the court-house and is admirably chosen.

— Seventy or more families from Lurey, McDowell, and Wyoming counties have settled around the head of Spring Creek and localities adjacent, the past two or three years, mainly on lands bought of Albert Williams, Esq.

— From the Bath News we learn of the deaths of J. Marshall Sington, of Bath Alum, aged 73, April 21st, and of Samuel C. Burgess, of Coopersburg Bridge, aged 62, April 19th. Both gentlemen were well known to the people of this county.

— A party of four, fished all day in Stoney Creek, and caught eight fish, last Saturday. Mr. Hubbell got one to the top of the water and just as he was getting ready to say "Howdy do, old boy, howdy do!" the fish slipped off the hook and returned to its element.

— Mr. Wm. O'Hall, late of Edinburg, has just returned from an excursion to Randolph County. He says the prevailing impression is, that he would not have him to take care of through the winter, which he did, but when he tried to wake the snake this spring, he discovered that it was dead.

— Considered in the light of its present and prospective conditions, Mr. Washington Lovens, on Spring Creek, Greenbrier County, has a very valuable and desirable farm of one thousand acres. On it are three thousand white oak trees over twenty inches in diameter and of superior quality. Every acre can be utilized for grain, grass, or timber.

— Mr. Charles Hobel, a druggist representing a harness and leather firm in Marietta, O., passed through Hintonville last Friday on a bicycle, to which he attached a cyclometer. He made the run from Hintonville to Marlinton in two hours, and from Marlinton to Hintonville in less than an hour. By his indicator the distance from Marlinton to Hintonville is 40 miles, and from the Marlinton Bridge to Hintonville 16 miles.

— Saturday April 18th, while the family were dining the L. part of Mr. Wm. L. Clark's residence was surrounded by Billy Miller who soon set fire to his fire, and he quickly gave the alarm. The flames had penetrated the building for a space of several feet, and would have soon been beyond control. Fortunately a few men in town to be readily extinguished. The fire seems to have started from a spark falling on the dry grass. The excitement and the confusion compelled a majority of the audience to leave. Mr. Clark was recovering, and he has been quite ill.

— Major William McLaughlin, one of Greenbrier's most prominent citizens a generation since, resided on the farm now owned by Mr. A. McLaughlin. He began life in the forest, built a round-pole cabin, vestments of which are yet to be seen. Two of the foundation logs are yet in place, showing the dimensions to have been eighteen by sixteen feet. Within a few rods stands the spacious brick mansion where he closed his busy life, leaving an estate valued at one hundred and ninety thousand dollars. In his times industry and wealth were near neighbors.

— Among the professional men of our town is a gentleman whose veins run blue with the blood of the First Families of Virginia. This gentleman lost his vote very unexpectedly last week. He challenged a gigantic West Virginian to fight a duel with pistols in the gray of an April morning, in the secluded haunts of the Jericho neighborhood. This stampeded the native, who did not relish this orthodox way of settling disputes. A treaty of peace was patched up temporarily, but the owner of Jericho feels it his duty to post notices "No DUVING ON THESE PIAZZAS."

— The French Coach horse, "Leader," advertised in another column, is owned by a syndicate of Greenbrier farmers. He cost eleven hundred dollars in New York. Mr. Andrew McLaughlin has in possession one of the French Coach colts, not a year old, that is about fifteen hands high, and of a glossy brown color. In Mr. McLaughlin's flock of sheep is a Shropshire ewe nursing three thrifty lambs all her own. Like the old woman that lived in a shoe this motherly sheep at times does not know what to do, and so she lies down and pensively takes things as they come, and goes to sleep herself.

— Mr. Aaron Law lives at the home of his son-in-law, Abram Beard, Esq., of Benick's Valley. Mr. Law is a native of England, and was born in Kent, in 1804, whence he emigrated to the United States in 1837, and lived many years at the Warm Springs, Va. He remembers the cold winter of 1812, when an ox was roasted on the ice over the Thames, and when horse races came off on the same ice. His ancestral home was in sight of the chalk cliffs from which England derived its poetic name, Albion. He seems to have perfect health, has an erect, sprightly walk, and makes frequent visits to the neighbors.

— There are plenty of machines and riders for a bicycle club at this place. The practicability of the bicycle on our mountain roads was very well illustrated last week by Mr. E. H. Smith, the druggist. He rode to Roceverte a distance of 46 miles, over two mountains, in eight hours. It is considered a long day's drive for a double team. Chas. School, a drummer, was in town this week. He travels in summer exclusively on a bicycle. He has often crossed the State, and worked his way over the most intricate roads. He once made the trip from Point Pleasant to Clifton Forge, a distance of 297 miles, in one week, having worked the territory on his route.

— Tim Ahern, the man from Cork, who has been in Marlinton the last six months, left last week. He identified himself very closely with the pleasure-loving element, being good at a song and dance, very witty. He played football, and received a number of wounds to the engagement at Mingo. The last bit of news from him was characteristic. When he got to the Hot Springs he went to the bar, set up drinks for every body, and took a number straight hits. Then throwing his hat away, with an Irish whoop, he jumped to the middle of the room, and said, "I am out-sing, out-dance, or out-drink any spook in the crowd for last dollars. I'm from Marlinton!" An unwary gentleman came up and patted him on the back and told him he was "all right" but Tim kicked him in the under parts, and knocked him sprawling, and took him all up. The man from Marlinton presently took the train, and that is the latest report of the Corker.

— Died on Spring Creek, Greenbrier county, a consumptive, Mrs. Fannie Winkler aged about 17 years. She was the daughter of Mr. George Winkler.

PERSONAL MENTION.

E. H. Moore, of Academy, made this town a short visit last week.

Miss Maud Yeager has returned from Baltimore.

Sam. Herold, of Covington, is in town.

P. Golden is absent on a trip to the upper end of the county.

Mr. W. M. Wyong and family have removed to Roceverte from Academy.

Miss Dora Brownlee has been employed as a teacher of the public school at this place for the next session.

Mrs. Manta Arbogast, of Texas, was visiting friends and relatives in town this week.

R. M. Beard, of Academy, spent several days in town last week.

Mrs. Wm. T. Beard, of Mill Point, visiting friends in town on Monday, accompanied by her grand-son Carl.

Misses Annette Ligod and Myrtle Varner passed through town on their way to Academy.

Mrs. Sheets and son and daughter, of Gillispie, Pocahontas County, were here attending the funeral of her daughter and their sister, Mrs. Phillips. Mrs. Sheets has returned to Gillispie, her grandchildren with her. This is the dying request of her daughter, Mrs. Phillips. The youngest was only three weeks old.—Tygart's Valley News.

Mr. Henry Sharp, of Douthard's Creek, whose son, Albert Sharp, lives at Marlinton, is suffering very much from a complication of diseases. This worthy, aged citizen has many friends and relatives to sympathize with him in his affliction.

Richard C. Hale has recently purchased, from A. D. Bruce, half of the excellent farm called "Newmarket," situated one mile on the Pocahontas side of Mingo, (Randolph County.) The farm is in fine fix, and the pasturage of first-class quality. Anyone requiring good grazing, at a reasonable price, this summer, for cattle, should apply immediately to Mr. Hale, who is sure to give every attention to stock placed under his care, and they will be regularly salted.

A Runaway.

Sunday afternoon, April 21st, as Misses Lillie and Elva Friel were driving to Sunset to attend singing, their horse became unmanageable near Mr. William L. Harper's. Their buggy struck the carriage occupied by Mr. J. C. Loury and Mrs. Gross. In the collision Mr. Loury's carriage had the axle bent very much, while the buggy was whirled over the bank and lodged on top of a fence in a reversed position. Miss Lillie fell near the place of collision, but Miss Elva was holding the reins and thrown two or three rods. Fortunately neither was seriously hurt.

The horse was disengaged by the shock and rushed on furiously, and while Messrs. William Gross and M. A. Friel were occupied in relieving the young ladies, their horses also took fright and followed on. All three, however, were checked by Mr. Lanty Herold and son, Winston. After a brief delay the whole party went to Sunset and had their singing.

Dunmore.

Still things move along. Alex. Butterbaugh moved to Dunmore this week; Wine & Lambert moved this week, and will commence sawing at Dice Rymell's the last of the week; J. K. Taylor has come home from Huttonsville and will return the last of the week; Rev. John A. Taylor moved to Maryland to take charge of his pastoral work; Rev. Maxwell moved to Green Bank last week, and preached a very able sermon Sunday at Dunmore; Miss Fannie J. Anderson has returned.

Capt. C. B. Swecker will attend the Circuit Court at Beverly which convenes May 1st.

We are glad to see Dr. C. L. Austin home from the hospital at Weston for a short stay.

Gov. Hughes is still in town.

Mr. Jacob Grant is with us; he has been gone for several years.

Some person set fire to Rev. J. A. Taylor's log, Sunday, and burned up about \$100. The gentleman will get an introduction to the grand jury this fall.

Lived on Spring Creek, Greenbrier county, a consumptive, Mrs. Fannie Winkler aged about 17 years. She was the daughter of Mr. George Winkler.

April 21, 1860.

On the Trail.

L. R. Steele, from Clay County, in this town tracking an un-ascended prisoner, one Ward Handshaw, who was here on Easter Sunday. Handshaw is accused of two cold-blooded murders, and almost every other crime in the calendar.

He waylaid a sixteen year old boy, in Clay County, a year or so ago, and, thinking that he had money on his person, shot him dead. He was arrested, but a gang of toughs opened the jail for him, and since then he has been at large.

He killed an old man in Braxton in order to rob him, but by neither murder did he get any money.

Since his escape he has broken into three stores. He lives in the mountains nearly the whole time, "singing," hunting, and fishing, accompanied by his brother.

He has been much feared by the stock owners, for he has no scruples when it comes to killing a sheep or steer for dinner. He sleeps in the open air three-fourths of the year.

Keeping to the woods he does it requires a hunter to track him down. Steele is close on him on the 12th of April on William's River, and being sure that he had gotten in front of him, lay by all night to waylay him. That night the Handshaws came into Marlinton, got supper at the McLaughlin House, refused a bed, and camped in the Laden Bottom. One begged breakfast of S. L. Brown and the other of Capt. Smith the next morning, and went towards Academy. When Easter morning dawned on Steele, lying on William's River, there was a three-inch snow on the ground.

This covered all tracks, and he not expecting the fugitives to come into the settlement, proceeded through the mountains expecting to come on them in Nicholas county where they have relations.

Steele arrived here exactly two weeks behind them, and went from here again to Nicholas, where he thinks they took the Nicholas Road.

A number of people recognized the picture of the murderer.

There is a reward of \$400 for him.

The mounsiner detective is a brave looking fellow and says that he has "been after him for five weeks and low to bring him in."

Handshaw is a man of about 35 years of age, and the detective thought it very likely that he would "sing" in this county this season.

Their practice is for the brother, who is his accessory after the fact, to market the "sing," examine the stores, and then for Handshaw to come and break in.

Steele warns anyone, attempting to hold him up, to cover him very carefully with a gun before saying anything to him.

Dilley's Mill.

We are having fine growing weather, with an even rain every day which greatly revived every thing. We have good hopes of a plentiful fruit year. There is a very heavy apple bloom. The peach trees were all killed last winter by the continued cold and freezing weather.

Dr. J. H. Weymouth passed through this part, en route to Green Bank. The Dr. entertained the young folks very pleasantly with music.

Prof. G. E. Moore and sister are visiting near Academy. Also Miss Fannie Moore is visiting near Dunmore.

Prof. G. E. Moore, closed his second term of school, the 26th, at Mt. Zion, where he taught a very successful term.

We have a very interesting Sunday school at Mt. Zion. All are cordially invited to join us in this good work. The first Sunday school founded in the United States, was founded by a missionary—a Christian in the ranks of celebrated evangelists. The Sunday School is a part of the Church and the Church is the body of Christ.

Rev. Fultz will preach at Mt. Zion first Sunday in May at 10 a.m.

Master Roy Bamblick was knocked off a horse by a limb, and sprained his arm right badly.

Messrs. J. W. Grimes and C. W. McLaughlin attended H. A. Yerger's sale the 17th, ult.

Misses Carrie, Fannie, and Ora Grimes were at Hintonville Saturday.

"Anonymous."

Green Bank.

A fine shower last Saturday and to-day (Monday).

Crawford Hull was in our town last week.

Prof. John McLaughlin, of Marlinton, was in town last Saturday.

Will some reader of the Times tell the book and chapter and verse in the Bible, that contains all the letters of the alphabet except one, and what one is not there?

G. D. Oliver & Bros. are having some repairs done to their storehouse.

The Board of education of Green Bank District will meet in session on the 4th of May at 1 o'clock p.m.

Sandy Burner, of Traveller's Rest, was in our town last Friday after Dr. L. L. Little, to see P. D. Arbogast's little child, who was very sick, but is better at this writing.

Dr. C. L. Austin started last Monday for Weston, W. Va.

The first quarterly meeting for this circuit, will be held at Dunmore on the 11th and 12th of May instead of the 4th and 5th, last week.

Our farmers are hauling limestone from Henry Sheets, to burn lime for corn. We think this a step in the right way.

There will be about 100 bushels of corn on Dr. J. P. Moorman's farm this year.

This is a poor year to sell flour in this part of the county, owing to good crops last year, and a good acreage flour is selling retail at 24¢, by the barrel \$4.50, corn 75cts and dull sale at that, and heretofore sold at \$1.00, flour as high as \$8.50.

J. H. Curry has conditionally rented his shoe shop to Henry Trimble, who will run a first-class harness shop.

The question has often been asked, why was that pen built around the school house so people could not see our public building? Who can answer it?

T. J. Williams and son, of Top-of-Alleghany, passed through our town last Saturday. He is moving to Frost where he will keep hotel.

W. A. Gladwell lost a good cow from the effects of drinking lye.

Capt. C. B. Swecker, of Dunmore, passed through town en route for Beverly Monday.

Born.—To S. B. Hannah and wife, a boy; to A. C. Sutton and wife, a girl; Emery Conrad and wife, a girl; to Snoden Cooper and wife, a boy.

Big Foot.

Sunset.

As I have nothing in your valuable paper from this corner for some time, it may be well to let it be known that we have not pegged out yet.

The farmers are pushing their work, and are preparing to raise larger crops than usual. They realize that we are on the verge of better times.

Rev. C. M. Fultz and wife, are off to Rockingham (his native county) on a bridal tour.

There was considerable excitement in our village on Monday morning, the 29th inst. Some parties were on their way to Huntersville, and when attempting to pass the residence of a worthy townsmen, P. M. Harper, and Mr. J. C. Harper came out in a very excited manner, and he had in each hand a large cow-horn, warm yet from the animal, but their fear subsided when they noticed on his face about a two-foot smile, and he said "It's a gal."

Mr. Amos Barlow, the merchant king, of H. took a fine lot of yearling cattle to graze.

The China wedding at H. N. Moore's, was an enjoyable affair on last Saturday, the 27th, ult.

Our general miller, John Jackson, is happy too—it rained and the wheel turned round.

Gold miners to Australia on the 10th
comes to Christmas vacation.

The about amount to commercial
progress in Peru is in the number
factory state of the roads.

There are as yet as many unpub-
lished volumes of the late Rev. G. E.
Spencer as will require another ten
years to get out.

Where has declined to exemption
during the past ten years, and Colored
North, the entire time, is afraid that
the supply will come fall short of the
demand.

Since the battle of Waterloo the
British have laid by \$3,000,000,
000 for a rainy day, and the estimate
of their wealth by the year 1850 is
\$60,000,000,000.

The character of value of horses in
1850 is estimated to be over \$25,000,
000, and the total loss in falling off of
prices will, the New York World esti-
mate, aggregate \$60,000,000, since
the commencement of the present de-
pression of values.

A St. Louis man is now being treat-
ed by two Chicago physicians for ly-
ing, asserts the Atlanta Constitution.
He has an uncontrollable mania for
 falsehood, and his physicians will soon
perform an operation on him for the
purposes of effecting a cure. The re-
sult will be awaited with anxious in-
 terest.

In Paris, according to a recent enci-
sion, there are more tailors, up-
holsters, boudoir-makers, barbers, ad-
dressers, and men of letters than in any
other city of the world. London has
the most cab and carriage proprietors,
engineers, printers, booksellers and
works. Amsterdam is ahead on gen-
eral dealers and money lenders. Bros-
ton is celebrated as the city where the
largest number of boys smoke. Naples
has the most street porters. Berlin
has the largest number of beer drink-
ers. Florence excels in flower sellers,
and Lisbon contains the most
bathers.

An interesting New England custom
is that mentioned by Harper's Weekly
which provides that stockholders of
the Boston and Albany road shall ride
free to Boston from any point on that
road to attend the annual stockholders'
meeting in September. They
show their stock certificates instead of
tickets, and they have all the week to
get home in. So it happens that in
stockholders' week people from western
Massachusetts come to Boston to
do their shopping, and crowd the ho-
tels. A similar concourse by other
railroads in other States would tend to
popularize small holdings of railroad
stock.

The black lindybird of Australia,
which was introduced into California
two years ago to exterminate the black
mite and the orchard parasites, has
not ruined its reputation, according
to the New York Post. To these pests
it has proved as relentless an enemy
as to some parts of the State, notably
Santa Barbara County, scarcely
any insect life remains for the suste-
nance of the lindybird. From which,
two years ago, were covered with the
spores of the mite, which, in fact,
seemed immediately ruined, are now
more bright and vigorous. "It is
different," says an expert, "to place a
percentage estimate on the value of the
enemy of the black mite. In one re-
spect, however, the saving in spraying
and fumigating will probably repre-
sent \$1,000,000 a year to the bar-
iculturists of California. One fruit-
grower alone has of late years been
compelled to spend from \$5,000 to
\$10,000 per acre for this purpose,
while there are four or five growers in
Los Angeles County alone who each
pay an average of \$10,000 an-
nually to fumigate against the black
mite. All this will be saved, for the
same insect costs nothing. Soon, in
addition to the spraying, the trees
will be more healthy and manage-
able, will bear more fruitfully and a
higher quality of fruit. The effects
of the birds of Australia are not
the same the black mite is banished, as
are the cotton bollworm and the
cotton bollworm that will eat the
seed pods, while remaining as much
pests and less to the damage
of the cotton."

"What have you been doing to that
boy?" he asked after he had shaken
hands and drawn a chair up near to
her.

THE STORY.
There's a flock of us on a flower bed.
On the tree of pride there's one.
There's a male on the tree of the lovely
maiden.
There are spots on the sun.
But the idea of darkness has covered the
west.
The world saved a knight from a fall.
The world is a grace on my lady's cheek.
The sun shines for all.
—R. A. Walker, in *Independent*.

MA'MOISELLE.

BY FLORENCE L.



MA'MOISELLE" — a butterfly. She flitted from flower to flower in her own dainty fashion, absorbing what sweetness and pleasure she could from each, and casting the bloom aside when she had deprived it of what had been the best it contained. She — a butterfly that pleased the eye and ornamented the landscape, but one that caused the passer-by to shake his head and — what the end would be. Could she go on in that way forever? Would life always yield her honey, unmixed with gall? Would she ever become serious, less selfish, less flippant? Would she ever marry and settle down? Or, if she did not, would she grow old, as other women did, or forever remain distractingly young and irresponsible — she was now?

Ma'moissele was no longer a young girl, people said. At twenty-eight it was time that a woman should long since have been at the head of a house, the mother of a growing brood. But Ma'moissele shook her head and said that she really wouldn't care for it; that she was just beginning to find out how to enjoy herself; that she loved her freedom, her liberty, her good health, her ability to relish the flavor of all things, too much to exchange them for an uncertainty.

The unkind ones said that the real reason was that she loved all men too much to marry one; that she was a disgraceful little flirt, and that they pitied the man who really did win her. And they could not forgive her the fact that, in spite of her frivolity and general undesirableness in their eyes, there were a number of men who were undoubtedly willing, and even anxious, to accept the position of husband to Ma'moissele, and be led by her the dance that they predicted.

It was Josiah Dalrymple who christened her "Ma'moissele." She had some French blood in her; and being rather proud of the fact, she did her best to accentuate it. It was hardly an affection, for her tastes were innately French. She had developed the habit, when a child, of giving an expressive and decidedly foreign little shrug to her shoulders. She could speak the language, too, it being the one study to which she had paid any serious attention, and she loved to chatter it. Dalrymple said that she reminded him of a picture he had once seen in the Paris Salons: a figure in fancy dress, that might have served as a model for "Folly," but was simply catalogued "Portrait of a Young Lady," and ever afterwards he had called Elsie Coudert "Ma'moissele."

Dalrymple was about as little like a butterfly as she was like a grub. It had failed to his lot to be one of the tallies of the world, and though still a young man he had won a place and name for himself by his own untiring effort. He was serious by nature and upright through principle. He believed thoroughly in the gospel of hard work, and knew that success would bring world not come easily. His life was earnest, his purpose unshaking, his amusements few. Ma'moissele was among the latter. When he had had particularly trying day, downtown, it rested him to drop in, on his way to his room, at Mrs. Coudert's attractive home. The drawing room was always light and airy — anything heavy and severe being excluded by Ma'moissele, whom Mrs. Coudert never opposed; and he would generally have a little chat with Ma'moissele herself. It was rare not to be a drain on his intellect, while his eye was gratified by the tasteful surroundings, and his ear assuaged by the conversational twitter, although of Ma'moissele herself his reason did not always approve. It treated him even to avoid her, presuming as he often did upon her old acquaintance and the tenderness he had had with her brother, who married and living far away.

He went up the steps to her boudoir after dinner, unusually depressed, and not a maniacal or hysterical complexion, and met young Waterverry coming down. Waterverry was a tall, smooth faced, manly looking fellow, with features like those out in a somewhat raw pale and red. He went by Dalrymple with an ambling gait, and the latter passed into the house.

The master was still in the drawing room, with a countenance that told no

one, who was as serene and fresh as

help it? I could not make myself love him."

"No," he replied; "if — you couldn't help it. You good women never are to blame for anything. You never drive a man to drink or folly and ruin. It is always his fault if he does any of these things through love of you. You never take a young boy and let him grow to care for you, to make you his ideal, to fairly worship you, only to be laughed at in the end. You never start him in life with false and bitter ideas of women because one has disappointed him. You irreproachable women never break men's hearts — wreck their lives. It is always their own fault, you say. There are some sins, Ma'moissele," he said, speaking very slowly, "that are not down in the dictionary and yet are crimes."

"And by all this you mean," she said quite lightly, "that I am one of the criminals?"

"I mean that you are one of the irreproachable women," he answered, looking at her seriously. "You have been born with a charm — a power to please — I don't know what it is, but I have watched it work destruction for eleven years. You are not the prettiest woman I know, Ma'moissele, nor yet the most intellectual, but you are the most fascinating, and —"

"Thank you," she interrupted drily. "It — fitting that you should administer that sugar pill after being — brutally frank."

"I am afraid that I feel like being still more frank," he continued; "and perhaps I do not choose my words happily. But I felt sick at heart when I — that boy at the door; and knew so well what had happened. Where is he now, and what do you suppose he will do to-night?"

"It is not as serious as you think it is," she said gently. "He will get over it."

"Yes," he agreed; "he will get over it. They all do, in time. But the getting over it, ma'moissele; you don't know what that means. Irreproachable women never do."

"Go on," she said, coldly. "The end, Josiah, is what I have been hoping for ever since you began."

"The end is," he said, that this woman is generally caught in her own snare. She at last finds out that after all she, too, has a poor thing called a heart that is not as lifeless — she thought it. She learns what it is to love and to suffer."

"You mean —?" Ma'moissele said, leaning forward in her chair, her hand tightly clasped, the color and brightness gone from her face.

"I mean that she at last meets some one to whom she does not in the least appeal; some one on whom all of her wiles are lost; some one who does not care for her. She inspires polite indifference, the most maddening thing in the world — that is all."

If he had brought a lash down on her shoulders he could not have stung her more. She rose quickly and went to the window, standing with her hands still closely clasped in front of her, looking out at the placid passers-by. It was some time before she spoke.

"I am trying to think whether I shall take the trouble to answer you or not," she said at last. "You have gone farther than you have ever gone before, and I have let you. I had a morbid curiosity to be present at my own dissection. I am glad to know what you really think of me. But I hate such conversations! I hate such scenes! I am not given to making long speeches, and, as you told me, I am not clever. But whatever my faults are, saying unpleasant things is not among them. Flattery may be part of my wiles, but at least it never hurts. I feel," she said, turning toward him and passing her hand wearily over her forehead, "I feel at least ten years older than I did when you first began."

She leaned a little on a table near her, and his heart smote him, she looked so frail and childlike. "Perhaps it is all true, what you have said. Perhaps I am what you think. But what do you know of a woman's heart?"

"What do you know of her inner life and motives? Simply what you observe, and what she is pleased to tell you. Because she does not wear her heart on her sleeve, or surrender it to some man, are you justified in thinking that she is without one? How do you know that she has not suffered? How do you know that her frivolous life is not an effort to hide it? What right have you to predict pain for her, when —"

She turned away, unable to finish. Dalrymple gazed at her, aghast. His slender frame was trembling, and for the first time he saw that her eyes looked pained and earnest. He hardly supposed her capable of expressing any emotion save almost childish joy or pleasure; yet now, as he looked at her, he felt as if he had laid bare her quivering soul. He took one step toward her and held out his hand.

"Ma'moissele," he said softly, "forgive me."

The front door opened, and in an instant the portieres leading from the hall were parted, as Mrs. Coudert entered the room. Dalrymple dropped his hand and turned to greet her. He did not see Ma'moissele alone after that, and soon took his departure.

As he stepped into the open air he drew a long, deep breath, and almost doubted the reality of the scene he had had with Ma'moissele. He was glad that Mrs. Coudert had come in just when she did, before he had had time to take back those cruel, truthful things. It had been the hardest task of his life, but he was glad that he had had the strength to say them. It had settled one thing in his mind. She cared for some one else. She had suffered — she, who never seemed to have a care or a serious thought. It — some one whom perhaps she had known in her early youth — some one whom she had sent away and regretted; — one whom she had found out too late that she loved.

A few days later the worst that he had dreaded for his business came upon him. Every day chronicled fresh failures, and in one of the crashes he — the enterprise that he had given years to building up, totter and fall like a house of cards; the money he had toiled to — melt before his eyes. In the opinion of the world he was a ruined man, everything — save honor — gone.

There — nothing to do but to begin again. This he preferred to undertake in another city. He settled his affairs as best he could, and prepared to leave town. He had some money, left him by his mother, and he intended to travel a little before he decided where to locate and again begin the battle of life.

He postponed his good-by to Ma'moissele until the last. He had not seen her since that day when, he now felt, he had presumed — when he had touched upon a wound where he supposed there was nothing but callousness.

She came down in a clinging gown of palest heliotrope, and nestled back among the cushions at one end of the couch. She said that she had not been feeling well; that she certainly must be getting old, for she was developing nerves. And she played with a little gold smelling bottle, holding it occasionally to her nostrils. It was one of her airs, she told him; she never had been known to faint in her life, but simply liked the smell of it. Then there was a little pause in which he felt conscious and constrained, yet could not tell why.

"I am going away, Ma'moissele," he said at last, looking away from her, "and I could not bear to go without apologizing — without telling you how sorry I am — you understand — for what I said last time."

"Yes," she replied, smiling; "I understand. It was quite tragic, wasn't it? You will let us hear from you — mother and me? We shall be anxious to know what you are doing."

It was plain that she did not wish to talk of that last conversation, and he became more uneasy than ever. He had wanted to say as much about his repentance, but felt that he had been cut off. He sat and gazed quite stupidly at her hands as they played with the vinaigrette, wondering what made them look so different. They were as white as ever, the nails were as carefully manicured, but — they did not seem like the hands of Ma'moissele.

He had it at last. The fingers did not wear a ring; and he had never seen her without rings before.

"Your hands look strange, Ma'moissele," he said. "Your rings — part of you, you know — where are they?"

A wave of color rose, dyeing her throat and face. It filled him with amazement. He sprang to his feet, a sudden thought seizing him. Thrusting his hand deep into his pocket, he drew out a draft, signed by the cashier of a well-known bank, but sent to him anonymously. He had not had time to trace it, and did not intend to use it, but believed that some business friend, wishing to help him, had sent it. He gazed now with horror from the slip of paper to the little, ringless hands of Ma'moissele, then into the eyes that no longer met his, but drooped guiltily.

"Ma'moissele," he said sternly. The small hands went up to the face, covering the hot cheeks.

"Ma'moissele," he repeated less severely, but with reproach in his tones.

Still there was no reply, but the pillow shook, and he knew that she was crying. The next time that he said "Ma'moissele," it was from his knees beside her, where he gently took the little palms from her face, and looked into her eyes with the lashes all wet. Then he dropped his head on the unclad fingers, and kissed them reverently.

When he lifted his head again to take her in his arms, something glistened on the hand of Ma'moissele, but it was not a diamond. — Munsey's Magazine.

Picturesque Names.

In making treaties with China each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying Kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fe Kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States is Mei Kwo, the beautiful country; Germany is Je Kwo, the virtuous country; Italy is I Kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji Kwo, the land of the sun, but she prefers to be called Ji Pea, the land of the rising sun. — Detroit Free Press.

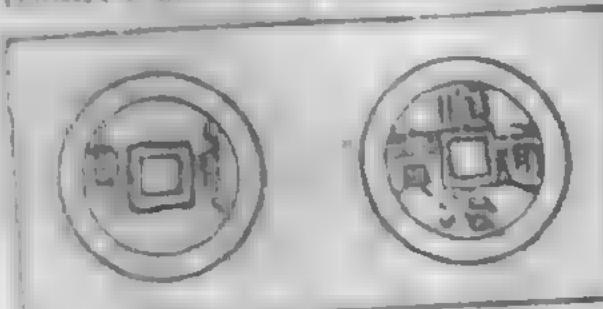
Pekin, China, is frozen up for six months of the year, and the inhabitants enjoy ice skating at Christmas.

CHINESE MONEY.

CHINESE COINS ARE NOT POPULAR AMONG THE CHINESE.

All Money in China is "Cash" and the few Small Denominations, as That is but a small sum.

China they think nothing of carrying a large part of their credit money transactions with men as large as our silver dollars, and which are worth less than one-tenth of a cent each. It takes as much money as a man can well carry to pay a bill of even ten dollars, and a transaction of the very great magnitude may easily require a cart-load of money.



As Kupferer, New York, 1844-1851. Inscription, "Company Governor, Current Money" (Chinese), "Mountain-Mint" or "Currency" (Mongolian).

These coins are called "cash." They are usually from seven-eights of an inch to one inch in diameter, and have a square hole in the center, and when used in very small amounts are strung on strings.

Through coins of this shape and general character have been in circulation in China since the sixth century B.C., and during the larger part of that time have been the only coins in circulation; the "cash" now in use is principally that coined during the present—known as the Ta-Tsing or Manchu—dynasty, beginning with the year 1616.

The coins are made of various alloys of copper, zinc, lead and tin. The authorized proportions previous to 1729 were copper 50, zinc 41, lead 9, tin 2. After that time the proportions were changed to equal parts copper and zinc, but they were not always adhered to, especially at the provincial mints, a great deal of cash being

of the nominal value of 5, 10, 20, 50, 100, 200, 300, 400, 500 and 1000 cash. They were not well received by the people and very few were issued of the values above 100 cash.

A new issue of coins, struck with dies—not cast, as heretofore—has recently appeared. This includes a cash of very much improved appearance, and silver pieces of from five cents to dollar size.

The reigns of the Nien Hau, or periods of the reigns since the advent of the Manchu dynasty, are: Heavenly Mandate, 1616; Heavenly Intelligence, 1627; Eminent Virtue, 1686; Compliant Government, 1644; Peaceful Lester, 1682; Agreeable Restitude, 1723; Celestial Support, 1736; In-

creasing Felicity, 1796; Luster of Reason, 1821; Prevailing Abundance, 1851; United Government, 1862, and Bright Beginning, 1875.—New York World.

A Girl Pilot.

Miss Elizabeth Polhemus, of San Diego, Cal., a twenty-year-old lass, wishing to earn her own living, and having a fondness for the sea, has been qualifying herself as pilot for ocean vessels entering San Diego Harbor. In a few months, says the New York Times, she expects to pass the examination required by the State Board of Pilot Commissioners and receive her certificate as a first class pilot. Miss Polhemus is the only woman in the country, so old sea captains say, who now attempts to guide great ships into harbor. Of course, until she receives a pilot's certificate, Miss Polhemus guides the vessels under the eye of a veteran pilot, who stands beside her on the quarter deck. This, however, is a matter of form, as insurance companies demand a certified pilot, and the old pilot accompanies the girl simply to comply with the rules. So thorough is the young woman's knowledge of handling a ship, that she is put in charge.

The coins are very similar in appearance, bearing on the obverse, or face, the name of the period, or "Nien Hau," of the reigning Emperor, and the words "Current money." The name of the Emperor of China—who is styled "Son of Heaven"—is held too sacred to be put in print, especially on a coin which passes through the hands and is carried in the pockets of the common people, and consequently a name is given to the period of the Emperor's reign, called the "Nien Hau," and this name is put on all the coins issued during that reign.

The reverse of the cash present a number of varieties the most common of which contain the name of the mint of issue and the word "money," in Manchu characters, on others the



ELIZABETH POLHEMUS.

and of the reefs, shoals, currents and air-currents of San Diego Harbor, that the old pilots who have instructed her in this difficult work seldom have a word to say in criticism of her management, and for six months it has not been necessary to change one of her orders when bringing a ship into port.

When Miss Polhemus gets her pilot's certificate her fees for bringing in a vessel will be \$6 per foot on the draught of a vessel and four cents per ton. A three thousand-ton ship, drawing twenty feet, would pay the pilot \$180. The pilots have a lookout station on Point Loma, and, unless a vessel is expected during the night, their trim seafarers can lie in their berths inside the point, and put to sea only when a vessel is sighted. It is not necessary for them to come up and down the coast, as do the New York pilots.

It is reported that the fine docks opened at Hong-ta-ki five years ago, before the Manchu Canal became available, have fallen into a sad state of disrepair. The quays are tumbling to pieces and the basins slowly filling up by the sand discharged from the canal. The docks cost \$5,000,000 and have a certain utility if kept in fair condition.



As Kupferer, New York, 1844-1851. Inscription, "Company Governor, Current Money" (Chinese).

denominations than the cash heretofore in use, having a nominal value much above their intrinsic worth. The coins



MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.
The New Commander of the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York.

General Nelson A. Miles.

General Nelson A. Miles is remarkable for three things, says the New York World. He has had extraordinary success as an Indian fighter. He took command at Chicago during the railroad riots of last summer and summarily suppressed the "Debs rebellion." But the most extraordinary thing about him, in the minds of military men, is that he should have risen to high command in the army as at present constituted without being a graduate of West Point.

When he took command of the Military Department of the East, with headquarters on Governor's Island, he entered upon the duties of an office which has nearly always been filled by graduates of this noted military school. All of the Generals on both sides who rose to supreme distinction during the Civil War were graduates of West Point. Then was the time for volunteer soldiers to rise to the top, but they did not do so.

After the restoration of peace it was not supposed that anybody but West Pointers would stand much chance of rising to high command. With the army on a peace footing, promotion would take its regular course and officers would have little or no chance to distinguish themselves in active service.

But here is an officer whose greatest success has been achieved since the war, and who did not receive the benefit of the severe military training with which the United States Government prepares its officers for the army.

People occasionally hear about the "West Point ring," which is said to control the army. There is supposed to be a prejudice in army circles against any man who has not gone through the regular course at the West Point Academy. Difficulties are believed to be thrown in the way of advancement of volunteer soldiers, and the West Pointers are by many thought to keep the good things among themselves.

But the career of General Miles does not show this to be so. With many of the qualities of a great commander he has risen to the top by natural force of character, and if he had graduated from West Point instead of going into the service as a volunteer soldier he would perhaps be no higher than he is at present.

It will be nine years now before General Miles will be placed upon the retired list. Within the next year he will have become the senior officer of the army, with headquarters in Washington, occupying at the age of fifty-seven the exalted position held by Grant, Sherman and Sheridan as Commander of the Army of the United States.

A companion in arms writing of

General Miles says:

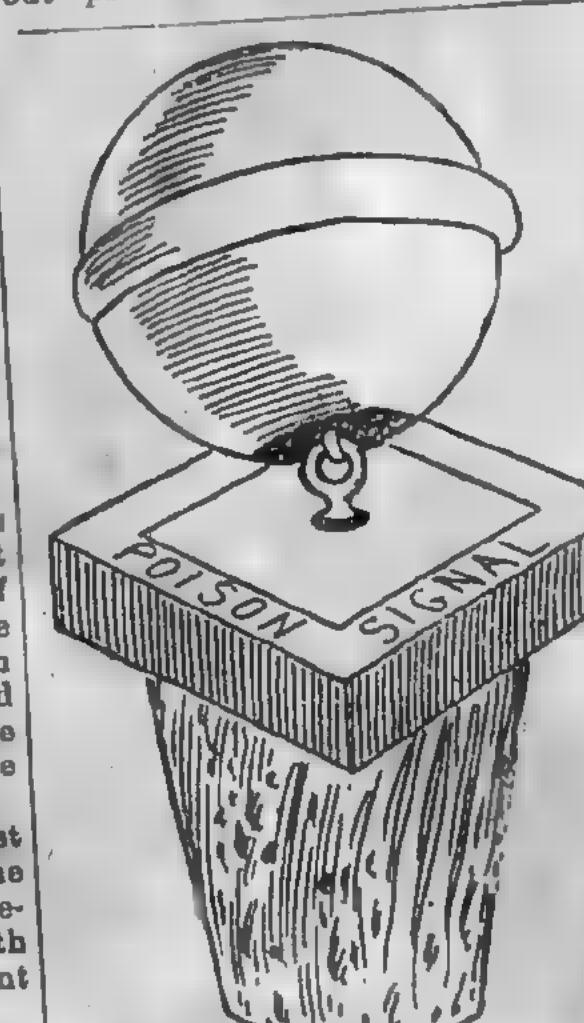
"General Miles is in stature slightly above the average height, well proportioned, broad-shouldered, deep-lunged and straight as an arrow. His sentences are clear-cut and pertinent. He has the faculty of being able to say the right thing in the right way. His memory is remarkably retentive of what he sees in the line of his experience, and he is always ready with some apt illustration to fit the subject under discussion. His most marked intellectual characteristics doubtless are his common sense and his absolute self-reliance."

General Miles was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Sherman, of Cleveland, Ohio, daughter of the late Judge Sherman and a niece of Senator John Sherman.

A Poison Signal.

A novel and simple device for the prevention of accidental poisoning is shown herewith, and it appears to very effectively answer the purpose for which it is intended.

It consists, as will be seen by the accompanying illustration, of a bell so fastened to a capped cork that, it is claimed, the bottle cannot be taken up, much less the cork removed, without producing a tinkle, just loud



enough to warn the nurse, but not loud enough to disturb the patient. Obviously such a signal would be effectual in the darkness in the daylight. A cord is attached to the bell with which it is tied to the neck of the bottle.

Those who know how many lives are lost yearly through accidental poisoning will appreciate the value of this safeguard. It has been submitted, we are informed, to most of the coroners in the country, and many of them, besides expressing the fullest approval of it to the patentee, have publicly recommended its use.

A Remarkable Woman.

Countess Tolstoi, wife of the great Russian reformer, is a remarkable woman, who received a diploma from the Moscow University at the age of seventeen, was married when she was eighteen, and her husband twenty-seven the exalted position held by Grant, Sherman and Sheridan as Commander of the Army of the United States.

A companion in arms writing of

General Miles says:

"General Miles is in stature slightly above the average height, well proportioned, broad-shouldered, deep-lunged and straight as an arrow. His sentences are clear-cut and pertinent. He has the faculty of being able to say the right thing in the right way. His memory is remarkably retentive of what he sees in the line of his experience, and he is always ready with some apt illustration to fit the subject under discussion. His most marked intellectual characteristics doubtless are his common sense and his absolute self-reliance."

General Miles was married in 1868 to Miss Mary Sherman, of Cleveland, Ohio, daughter of the late Judge Sherman and a niece of Senator John Sherman.

of nine children, and her husband's patent aid in his literary labors. Until her children are ten years old she makes all their clothes. She copies and recopies her husband's manuscript, a task the difficulty of which is increased by the self-invented short-hand in which Count Tolstoi sets down his composition.

THE MODERN GAME

How they run 'em,
How they ram 'em,
How they maul 'em.
In the football game!

How they squirm with
Ghoulish joy.
When they're killed
Some bright young boy!

How they roar and
How they laugh.
When they've crushed
Some youth in half,
In the football game!

How they mangle,
How they strangle,
How they wrangle,
In the football game!

How sweetly soft
Their joyous tones,
Mingled with the
Awful groans!
Listen to their
Happy cries,
When they've knocked
Out some one's eyes,
In the football game!

—Harold McGrath, ■ Truth.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Keep off the grass—Lawn mowers.
A theorist is a man with perfect confidence in his imagination.

The competition of vanity has done much to swell many a fund for charity.

It is the first step that costs; and sometimes it costs much that we can't afford to take a second.

A gallant youth—a pretty man—
A trolley car that's dark—
Would it be right to say that this
Was an electric spark?

—New York Herald.

The woman who laughed at you with riches, will smile with you at poverty—if she takes the notion.—Puck.

"I'll tell you a tale that is positively hair raising." "For Jupiter's sake, tell it to Jobson; he's bald headed!" —Judge.

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.—Statesman.

"Virtue lends dignity to a man, but wickedness sometimes lends dollars," said a cynic who had never dared to tell a lie.—Puck.

Bacon—"It's not difficult, nowadays, to get men to do your bidding." Egbert—"No; I've often noticed the dummies about an auction room."

Can a woman a secret keep?
There is one such, I'll engage,
As the years upon her creap—
"Tis a secret of her age.

The man who never knows when he is beaten would be perfectly happy if he could get rid of the suspicion that other people may be better posted.—Puck.

Miss Hatfield—"I'm very tired after the party last night." Little Ethel—"Yes, you must be. Sister says you held the wall up the whole evening."

—Brooklyn Life.

She—"I like this place immensely since they have had the new French chef." He (weak in his French, but generous to a fault)—"Waitah, bring cheff for two."—Harlem Life.

Mr. Snapp—"Is the gentleman in the next room a somnambulist?" Landlady—"Graulous goodness, no; for generations back they've all been Bapista."—Chicago Record.

There's heads and heads and heads and heads,
Long heads, round heads, and flats;
Some heads are made to carry brains;
And some just carry hair.

—Spare Moments.

Patron (to laundryman)—"John, how did it happen that the Japanese killed so many Chinamen in the last battle?" John—"Noteeknow. Maybe bigoo rain makes bad ruanee."—New York Weekly.

"I don't know how you dare trust yourself to young Dr. Pills. He hasn't any patients." "That's just the point. He strains every nerve to keep me alive; I'm his only source of income."

—Harper's Bazar.

"Every tree can be distinguished by its bark," said Twynn. "I deny that," replied Triplott. "Name one that cannot." "I maintain that a single tree cannot be distinguished by its bark."—Detroit Free Press.

"And what kind of a chin has she?" she asked, as he paused in the middle of an attempt at description of her features. "A movable one," said he, after a moment's sober thought. And then he heaved a deep and pensive sigh.—Somerville Journal.

The poet was in a brown study, and his wife was sewing over by the window. "A penny for your thoughts, Algernon," she said, looking up at him. "That's just it, my dear," he replied. "A penny is about all I can get for them, and that's what worries me."—Detroit Free Press.

High Price for a Bull.

At a recent sale of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, the property of a Mr. Grant, of Scotland, the yearling bull, Boas, sold for \$1400, claimed to be the highest price ever paid for a bull of the breed. He was bought for an Irish breeder. The average for the forty-two animals sold was about \$180 each.—New York World.



COUNTESS TOLSTOI.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895,
D. W. Sharp

vs.
S. L. Barlow, et al. } In Chancery.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 20th day of May, 1895, to take, state, and report to Court at its next term the following matters, viz:

1st.—An account of all liens upon the land of the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing to whom such amounts are due and payable.

2d.—A statement showing all the lands owned by the defendant, Silas L. Barlow, together with the fee simple and rental value thereof.

3d.—Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

To all persons holding liens by judgment, or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Silas L. Barlow:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Silas L. Barlow to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you are hereby required to present all claims held by you and each of you against the said Silas L. Barlow, which are liens on his real estate or any part of it, for adjudication to me at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on or before the 20th day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, at the court-house thereof, on Thursday, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

vs.

One hundred acres
and

Fifteen acres

In the matter of forfeited lands.

On motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this county, the above cause of the State of West Virginia vs. One Hundred Acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to N. C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall take, state, and report to court the following matters of account, viz:

1st.—Whether or not the two tracts set forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are really waste and unappropriated.

2d.—If waste and unappropriated the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the POCOHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy: Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown claimants of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acres and 15 acre tracts of land, will take notice that on the 20th day of May, 1895, at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the discharge of my duties under above decree, at which time and place you and each of you can attend and protect and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land. Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL,
Commissioner.

1044

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or by grazing or setting stock on the mountain land belonging to the St. Lawrence Company, which adjoins my farm, and is now in my possession. W. L. HARPER,
April 19, 1895.

1044

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Marlinton, W. Va., Apr 23, 1895.
Andrew C. Wooddell's adm'r.

vs.
Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, et al.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, viz:

1st.—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

1044

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

1044

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the second day of April 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Ockley's testator against Jas. T. Rose.

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house floor of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Ockley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings to above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A. D. Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

2d.—If waste and unappropriated the exact location of said tracts, and all other things required to be reported under chapter 105 of the code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take and state and report he shall publish in the POCOHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county, and post at the front door of the court house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy: Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown

claimants of any part or parcel of

the above named 100 acres and 15

acre tracts of land, will take notice

that on the 20th day of May, 1895,

at my office in the town of Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, I will commence the

discharge of my duties under above

decree, at which time and place

you and each of you can attend and

protect and defend any interests

you may have in said tracts of land.

Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL,
Commissioner.

1044

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to

trespass on my land in any way by

hunting, fishing, tearing down fences or

by grazing or setting stock on the

mountain land belonging to the St.

Lawrence Company, which adjoins

my farm, and is now in my posse

sion. W. L. HARPER,
April 19, 1895.

1044

Notice to Trespassers.

DENTISTRY. Dr. J. H. Wey-

mouth will be at Huntersville on

the 26th of April, and remain 3

days. Green Bank, 20th 3 days.

Clover Lick, May 6th 3 days. Call

early and make your engagements.

On the highway of life we are

all out to take the rich man's dust.

Why Beef is High.

The financial editor of the New York Sun gives the following reasons for the increased price of beef:

"The sudden rise in the price of beef has been made the occasion of a senseless outcry against a supposed conspiracy of Chicago wholesale dealers, who are charged with having artificially created it. A large number of people, it would seem, have not yet learned that the prices of commodities are governed by demand and supply, and cannot be permanently fixed by legislation, or by combinations, or in any other arbitrary manner. There was, indeed, a time when the law attempted to regulate not only bread and provisions, but also wages, and constant appeals are still made to the law-making power to counteract the effects of increasing consumption or diminishing production. In the case of beef it needs no profound wisdom to discern that for several years the market for it has been enlarging, while the supply has not kept pace with it. The high wages earned by workingmen both here and abroad have enabled them to add beef to their daily diet in much larger quantities than formerly, though, because of the opening of the vast cattle ranches on our Western plains and the invention of freezing machines, by which both fresh beef and fresh mutton can be brought from distant countries at small cost, this increased consumption did not, at first, increase the price. The imports of fresh beef into Great Britain have now for several years averaged 200,000,000 pounds annually, and of mutton and lamb between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 carcasses. From this country alone Great Britain took last year cattle, fresh beef, and canned beef to the value of \$50,000,000. With this enormous consumption abroad, added to that of our own country, it is easy to see how a very small decrease in the supply might lead, as it has finally led, to a rise in price, without resorting to the fiction of a combination or a corner."

To the above the Norfolk Landmark adds this comment:

"Now the same law—that of supply and demand, will produce the same effect in any of the world's commodities—even labor, which is one of the most important. Men are getting too suspicious of each other. Whenever the price of eggs goes up nowadays the consuming people begin to look at one another and frown, as if to say, 'What made you do that, you miserable monopolist?' When the price goes down, the egg farmer howls and says, 'Now, you see that; Grover Cleveland and the goldbugs are swarming again; they will ruin this country yet—they won't even let the farmer get over ten cents for his eggs!' We should cultivate a better spirit, even if we have to live on spots and soft crabs. What is the use of being miserable and snappish?"

"AND now," said the barber who had inherited a fortune, "and now I can eat onions in the morning whenever I darn want to!"—Indianapolis Journal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Steel Rims, Waverley Clincher, Detachable Tires, weight 25 lbs 885

Regular Frame, same weight 22 lbs 885

Ladies' Drop Frame, same weight and Tires. 875

26-inch Diamond, Wood Rims, weight 21 lbs 874

1044

Important to You.

Having resumed the practice of veterinary surgery (limited) I will treat the following diseases in Pocahontas and adjoining counties, viz: ring-bone, bone spavin, curb polly, ilitis, and hives. Fevers, specific and cures guaranteed. I am also general agent for Eldred's Liquid Electricity, which is a specific for all kinds of fevers, sore-throat, cuts, sprains, bruises, tooth-aches, and pains of every description, external or internal. Its timely use will prevent all kinds of contagious diseases.

Address: T. J. WILLIAMS,

Top of Allegheny, W. Va.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CINDA A. SHIRREBERRY.

What is**CASTORIA**

Castoria ■ Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee ■ thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and relieves feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulence. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Orne, Lowell, Mass.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kinnelon, Conway, Ark.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Jr., Boston, Mass.

THE CENTURION COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ■ ■ ■ D., Lowell, Mass.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are ~~too~~ to

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL 12, NO. 41.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directors of Pocahontas

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McElroy.
Sheriff R. E. Arbuson
Deputy Sheriff R. E. Burns
Other County Court S. L. Brown
Court Circuit Court J. U. Patterson
Assessor C. O. Arbuson
Commissioners to Court C. E. Beard
County Surveyor G. M. Kne, S. Barlow
Coroner George Baxter
Surgeon George P. Moore
Supp. Board of Health Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeil, J. C. Arbuson
Justices A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock, Charles Cook, W. H. Green, Huntersville, Wm. L. Brown, Banister, G. R. Curry, Academy, Thomas Bruffey, Lobelia.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October.
County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. McNEIL.

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Courts of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. MCCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRAYTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. BOOTT, JR.

LAWYER,

MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. J. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST.

MONTGOMERY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least once a year. The names of his patients appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. NEWMOUTH,

PRESIDENT DENTIST,

BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every summer. The names of his patients appear in this paper.

J. M. CHAMBERS, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

MONTGOMERY, W. VA.

One of the best & most A. Younger
Physicians & Surgeons in the State.

J. M. DRAKE, M.D.

MARLINTON, W. VA.

Physician & Surgeon.

Carry papers to the

DR. PARKHURST, in a recent interview, expressed the opinion there is no possibility of inferring the ratio between good and evil in society by observing the ratio of reported good and evil in the daily papers. A man may live until he is ninety, mind his own affairs every day, tell the truth, live a clean life, and not a printed allusion be made to him except a few lines in the column of deaths, the only notice taken of his existence by the papers being the notice taken of him when his existence ceases. Another man, half as old, nothing to show for his life, dies in violent death under suspicious circumstances, and his case occupies from a column to a full page in all the papers of the town. A large proportion of readers will exclaim, what a wicked city that must be! One or two readers will modestly venture a different opinion, and observe, this must be an exception to the general tone of events in that city, or the papers would not make so much of it. The stock of trade in the newspaper industry is the exceptional, not the ordinary, as now mainly carried on in the cities. If every man but one in fifty millions were born with two heads, it would be the man with one head that would have the prominent place in the curiosity department of the illustrated journals. The forty-nine millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety and nine would be passed over as too common-place for interesting reading.

In this section, as a usual thing, the blossom of the wild service tree is among the first signs of the coming spring. This year it made no sign until the apple trees were putting forth, and they are now blooming simultaneously. The lateness of the season is evidenced by the forest timber, and in all except grass we are wonderfully behind hand this year.

A Delicate Subject.

It has been a source of wonder to many how the majority of the boys of this town can be so idle all day. They lounge and loaf around the stores, blinking their eyes in the sunshine, with a perpetually tired look on their faces. It seems unnatural that anybody out of jail should be so doleful. It has been explained that it is on account of their activity after nightfall. As soon as the night has fully set in they are up to some idiotic proceeding, running around and getting in a condition to be good and tired the next day. Thus this tired body climbed up two miles of mountain side one night to "ascend" a newly married couple. This climb required as much exertion as a day's work. Every night a lot of ingenuity and strength is expended, and it is a pity that it should be so, for a few years of a boy's life on either side of twenty mean more to him as regards his future usefulness than any other time. He has then just taken charge of the work of managing his life, and if he makes a slip he often finds he cannot recover lost ground. At the fog to remember is that once the faculty of making himself useful and respected was almost in his power, and that he lost it by his own carelessness. Keeping in the streets of town is a long step to the right direction.

There are species of fresh water in the Pocahontas River that furnish supply to many.

A German star at the bar fight out that Monday and last Friday is the last victory day.

IN DARKEST WEST VIRGINIA.

A Shorter and More Direct Way to the Railroad.

How far is it to Camden-on-the-Gauley, the terminus of the railroad which is coming to Marlinton? The proposed route has been surveyed, but, as far as we know, even this distance has not been given to the public. Lately two men have walked from Cowen, a station near the terminus, and say that it is by means an unusual hard day's walk. As the way lies through the woods the thought naturally suggests itself that with proper attention a county road might be built which would give Marlinton much better railroad facilities than the town and county has at present. The advantage of a star route mail system which would give us our daily paper in twenty-four hours instead of forty-eight hours, as at present, would be an inestimable benefit.

At present there is but a bridle path, which is almost impassable, and which is the only way by which a horse can be taken, and this follows the river. The river from the "Dam" to Gray's Camp forms a regular horse-shoe curve which is estimated as being about seventeen miles. This, as we understand it, is the proposed railroad route.

However, the woodsmen say that a road of very practicable grade could be made up Sugar Creek, over Black Mountain. We have been reliably informed that Contractor Gray proposes to make a road up the Black Mountain if this county will make a four-mile extension up Sugar Creek, it being a continuation of the practicable county road now running to the "Dam."

It is said that contractor Gray has a million-dollar job to lay out William's River and its branches, and it is to be easily understood why he should like to open up a thoroughfare from Pocahontas to Camden-on-the-Gauley so that supplies may be furnished him. It would mean a magnificent market for the country produce of our farmers, and be of great advantage to him and his sub-contractors, who can only obtain supplies from the towns along the railroad and at city prices.

It seems almost incredible that so little should be known as regards distance and extent of the mountainous section west of us. A road has been built for many years to William's River. It is called "the Pike," but it comes to an end very suddenly for a turnpike. A fair road has been built from the railroad to the camps, as there are about three hundred men employed on Gray's contract alone. Thus the way not traversed by a wagon road is from the "Dam" to "Gray's Camp." It would "break the county" to build a road on the seventeen miles of bridle path along the river, but we have no reason to believe but what the route up Sugar Creek could be cheaply opened unless we are laboring under a misapprehension.

The matter will be investigated this year, and if it proves to be practicable, some action by citizens or County Court may be expected to utilize this long neglected "way-out" of the county.

The Supreme Court of Virginia has decided that a woman cannot be admitted to the practice of law in that State. This has bearing on a certain state of affairs now pending at the State University. This school admits women in all departments except the preparatory school. The law class of this year is a lady member who is applying for a diploma. By a statute a graduate of this school is entitled to qualify to practice in all the State Courts. As our law is practically the same as in Virginia, there is little doubt but what the lady will be presumed to be a woman in law of "Devil Anse." The court was to rule against her for damages done by a law

she will have to seek a field of labor elsewhere. It is certain that recruits for this profession should be taken from among the men, for there is much in the daily life of a lawyer to make it the very best profession to which a woman should aspire.

Lines to a Flirt.

The following poem is the latest production of Paul Jones, the "Drummer Poet."

Yes, I have loved thee, how well and fondly
Thou, cold and heartless, shall never know.
I would not feed thy vanity by telling thee
How bitterly the tears of manhood flow,
For I have loved thee with that deep devotion
That woman wins but once and never more.
When once love's bark be wrecked on life's dark waters
There comes no second to that self-same shore.

For I have wasted love's celestial incense
Upon thy shrine, that idol wrought of clay,
I've poured my heart's best blood upon the altar
And now I turn in bathing scorn away,
I have awokened from my charmed dreaming
To yield me to thy wickery no more.
I would not sorrow could I but respect thee,
For I now despise thee where once I did adore.

I've gathered up my heart's proud shattered fragments,
That heart thou'rt broken, but couldst not retain;
And forth into the world I bend my foot-steps
Never I trust to see thy face again.
I ask no vengeance from the avenging future,
Cold heart and shallow brain, go free go free!
I do not ask thee in thy joyous hours
To blight thy gaiety with thoughts of me.

For unbidden comes the day of retribution:
The sun thou hatest will o'er thee surely shine,
When thou with worn out grace and faded beauty
Would sell thy very soul for love like mine.
And, if the spirit of the ancient Sibyl
My lips and soul to prophecy should move,
I could fortell a doom no darker
Than that which shall be thine, bereft of love.
And when the rose hue from thy cheek has faded,
The gloss departed from thy golden hair,
And when thy fondest flatterer, the mirror,
Bids thee confess thou art no longer fair,
And when the brightest dreams have left thee,
And thou to muse upon the world art wholly free,
When friend and flatterer alike forsake thee,
Then is my hour; thou wilt remember me.

Remember, for I have loved thee truly,
And would have loved thee till life's closing hour.
I would have strown thine earthly path with roses,
Mine, all the thorns, so hadst thou all the flowers.
And now I bid thee take this last confession
From one whose heart from all save scorn is free,
Who deems thee too pitiful for hatred.
I shall forget; but you will remember me.

"Devil" Anse Hatfield.

For several years now the reports of killings on account of the Hatfield-McCoy vendetta, which started from the disputed ownership of a hog, have been very few. It is rapidly dying out, and unless some of the young blood, now growing up respects the feud, it is likely that we have heard the last of this affair, which has given the people of this State a tremendous reputation for being capable of such murder and revenge. The here of the whole is "Devil" Anse Hatfield.

A prominent lawyer tells of visiting Legion C. H. to attend to some important legal matters, some years ago. A case was called, in which a woman was the plaintiff. The woman was a widow of "Devil Anse." The court was to rule against her for damages done by a law

company to the plaintiff's meadow. The old man was a witness.

He asked permission to keep a certain gun bag in his lap while on the stand. Inquiry led to the revelation that this receptacle was full of deadly weapons. On being asked if there was not a lot of danger to bystanders, in case any shooting took place, a native replied that there was not, as all you had to do was to stand still, for the Hatfields never missed what they shot at. The old man's testimony in this case was very clear and straightforward. He described the way in which the meadow had been used, and no cross examination affected his evidence in the least. At length the defendant's counsel decided to ask him, if from what he knew of the case, if he thought the plaintiff was entitled to recover damages. He replied very promptly that he thought not, and gave his reasons, which were very good.

The following sketch is taken from the Charleston Gazette.

"They are just the best people I ever met," said he, "and I never treated better in my life. Among the first I met was old 'Devil' Anse. He introduced himself to me saying, 'This is old Devil Anse you've heard much about, but if you will come to our home you will find that we will treat you right. When people do the same by them, but I don't stand any monkey business.' Well I took him at his word and went to see him. The old fellow is very well off, owning a large lot of timber; he is well fixed at home, too, and treated me like a lord.

"Cap, Bob, and Jim Hatfield all live near here, and Cap was the best friend I had. They all go armed, carrying Winchesters, and they keep their eyes open, too, let me tell you, but I never saw them do anything that was unlawful. Tom Hatfield was shot through the stomach some time in February and is just recovering from the wound. It is not thought that any of the McCoys did the shooting, although who did it, is unknown. In fact, there can be no question of it, the feud is dying out; at least, it is not nearly so bitter as it used to be. Any of them will talk to you about it, if you approach them right. They all say they are sorry for what has happened and hope it is over for ever. They want to be peaceful, and I for one, don't think you will ever hear any more blood curdling reports of this famous feud.

"Cap," Hatfield has written a poem relating to the causes which led up to the famous vendetta sworn by the family, the circumstances surrounding it, and the exploits of the family. As a literary gem it may not be a success, though it really isn't bad, but it is probably as thrilling as any verse in the language.

"The Hatfields as I saw them, are peaceable, law abiding citizens, good friends to their friends, and good enemies to their enemies. The McCoys did not come on that side of the river while I was there, and I don't think they make a practice of doing it at any time. You see they are as tired of the thing as the Hatfields, and don't want to precipitate any trouble. Those Hatfields are all nice chaps, the best I ever saw, and it would be a risky thing to give them a chance to use you for a target. They hit the center every time. That is an ideal country for an outlaw, and, long as life and the most mountainous in the world. I know why you have to lie down on your back to see the sun, and then you can get a glimpse of it only about once a day, that is about now."

The legendary who cut the famous laurel tree of Legion C. H. is now worth \$10,000.

FROM SHADOW-SUM.

I have as the years roll around
And more the past behind,
But now I have entered sorrow
But know that our God is kind;
What sleep a dream I longed for
Had hidden there of pain,
And many a rugged path,
Laid to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds but cover the sunshine,
They cannot darken the sun.
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the cloudy day is done.
We never stand in the deeper shadow
Till the darkest light
And often from wrong's own darkness
Comes the very strength of light.
The world rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has been borne from our hearts away.
And those who have never known sorrow
Cannot know the infinite peace
That fills us the troubled spirit,
When it comes, at last, release.

We meet thee through the dreary winter
If we would view the spring,
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robin sings.
The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can break bloom;
And the sweetest and warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

So the heart from the hardest trial
Gains the proudest joy of all,
And from the gloom that have timed sadness
The sweetest song will fall.
For no greater comes after suffering,
And love's reward for pain,
The after earth is heaven,
And one of our less the gain.

—AGNES L. PRATT.

A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

BY LITCHFIELD HOUSE.

THE prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fifteenth time that morning. "Jane," he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any news who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house, opposite?"

"Well, yes sir, if you please," returned the housemaid. "I met them just at the grocer's the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Captain Choker Black—and that he was staying here on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, Mr."

"Ah, indeed! did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"Yes, sir, she called her Miss Eva."

"Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Mr. Willoughby to himself, and then he added aloud:

"That will do, Jane, thank you."

Mr. Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, twenty-eight years old, rich, intelligent and unusually good looking. He lived with a widow mother in a sumptuous house in Albany, and, having nothing else to do, had fallen desirous to live with his poverty-stricken and exceedingly modest and opportunity for self-education. However, having discovered the name of his acquaintance, he determined to address his housekeeper by name.

Having decided upon taking this step, the first thing to be done was to go into his closet, and, having put himself in his little study after many futile attempts to understand it, having at last got to the body to his understandings, he sat down to his breakfast, taking this time to write a short note to his mother, Mrs. Anthony. "I must be back, and for a walk, and I will be back in time to the funeral service."

The worthy lady was a red hot politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva:

"Dearest Eva—I am overjoyed at the news of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only?"

"Willoughby."

same afternoon, and in due course a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days running to and from the post office, writing letters and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining-room.

"Confound it!" he would sometimes say to himself. "How very provoking the dear girl is! She never will look this way. I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horribly sour looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old furies. Indeed, her letters hint as much." And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the post office, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his "Dearest Eva."

At length, three weeks having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which was as follows:

"To W. V.—
"Sir—As it is useless to continue a correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time for you to throw off your incognito, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feeling of idle curiosity that I ask this, and simply for mutual satisfaction. Yours, etc., EVA."

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

"Dearest Eva (if you will permit me to call you such?)—Have you not for weeks past observed a young man, with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house? And although you have apparently never noticed the slightest notice of him, I trust that his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual."

"By the graceful magic of thine eyes, Day after day I watch and dream and sigh; Watch the—dawn of thee, sigh for thee alone."

Fair star of Albany—may I add mine own? to quote—with some alterations—the noble stanza of the poet Brown. And now I have a favor to ask you. Whenever you see me at the window take notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off all restraint. Tush, tush, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu! My eyes are over on you. Yours, etc., WILLoughby VANE."

To which epistle was the following answer:

"Dear Sir—Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I may also add, your features are not at all repulsive to Eva."

"Bliss her! What a delightful little soul she is!" ejaculated Willoughby.

And he went out, ordered a new suit of clothes and had his hair cut.

"Willy," said Mrs. Vane to her son the next morning, "I wish you would do something to improve your mind, and not waste your time looking out of the window all day as you have lately done. Come and read the Assembly debates to me, if you have nothing else to do."

The worthy lady was a red hot politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva:

"Dearest Eva—I am overjoyed at the news of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only?"

"Willoughby."

Back came the reply the next morning:

"Dear Willoughby—Your reply has made me very happy. It is very funny—on the part of a man to be in love. I long for more congenial company."

"Eva."

In this delightful manner the days flew on—happily, too, for Willoughby, and interested by the interchange of time and similar loves-like confidences. On the following Monday morning Mrs. Vane left town to visit some friends in Saratoga, leaving her son to keep house at home. That same afternoon one of Captain Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

"I have no fear on that score, Captain. Untie her to me, and it is all done."

"I have all about that," said the Captain. "Keep your fine phrases for the girls' ears. Give me your news, and I've taken a fancy to you."

"I do flatter me, Captain!"

"There is no use, Mr. Vane. Captain Black never changes his story. I don't intend to pay my bond, and it is yours as long as I find you pleasant and straightforward. Do it over again if you have any mistakes or difficulties. I hope you drove with it the whole way."

"I do not care," said Willoughby.

"Am I to understand that you consent to my terms?"

"I do, Captain." The two to understand each other. "I am poor, but the largeness of my heart could be my first recommendation. I am not a bad man, nor am I a bad husband."

"I am not poor," said Willoughby.

"I am not bad," said the Captain.

"I am not bad," said Willoughby.

"I am not bad," said the Captain.

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Patent Pending Goods.
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instead of the cards being copy-
ed, they will be, they will be
in the form of check books with
a memorandum of the contents
and can be entered on the books.
Under can have this stamped
privately before the card is
or that a verified record of
transactions can be kept.

Every Twinge

Every twinge of pain is relieved
as soon as the blood is drawn.
Blood is drawn by lancets in the
ear, nose, etc. in the joints. Blood
is drawn from the blood and removes
the pain.

Food's Service parade Cures

There
Bromperilla
Bromperilla
other remedies have failed. Give
this
Blood is drawn by lancets in the
ear, nose, etc. in the joints. Blood
is drawn from the blood and removes
the pain.

"WHITE AS A SHEET."

ANT people look like "pale
ghosts" from ALBEMARLE
County or Nov. 1.
I don't offer cures by
doctoring from lack of knowl-
edge or medical training.

IPANS TABULES

Day "put the house in order
removing the defective furniture.
For who do them to
make a property insurance
claim.

RUDY WITH HEALTH!

L. DOUGLAS
SHOE IS THE BEST.
FIT FOR A KING.
S. CORDOVAN,
FLORIDA CLOTH.
1630 FIRE CLOTH
244 POLICE SOLE.
16302. WASHINGTON,
CLOTH FIRE.
16303. LADIES.
16304. BEST DRESS.
16305. W. H. DOUGLAS
16306. CLOTH FIRE.

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HOME NEWS

A new and choice line of milinery in rooms over *Times* office.
Fresh salt fish at J. D. Pullins & Co. at 7cts per lb.
All kinds of canned goods at J. D. Pullins & Co.

Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. to buy your tobacco and cigars.

A dance was held in the dismantled Marlinton Hotel last Monday night.

New hats and trimmings arriving weekly at Mrs. Cunningham's.

Go to J. D. Pullins & Co. and price fine shoes before buying elsewhere.

Best Silver Drip Syrup at J. D. Pullins & Co. at 50 cents per gallon.

Call at J. D. Pullins & Co. and examine his fine stock of shoes before buying elsewhere.

An artesian well is being sunk by Bird & Moore for the courthouse and the prospects are good for wholesome water.

J. D. Pullins & Co. are still in the ring with a complete line of groceries, etc., and are constantly adding to their already very complete stock.

Mr. Will Tyree, of Academy, has a beautiful bay horse, a fine traveler, which he has trained to stoop whenever his rider wishes to mount him.

If you need anything in the grocery line go to J. D. Pullins & Co.'s grocery store, and if you "don't" what you want, ask for it.

Messrs. J. L. Sheets and Gordon, have commenced logging on William's River, having undertaken a large job as sub-contractors under contractor Gray.

Mr. A. Gunther now gets in his stone onto the new court-house by means of an "elevated railroad." He has several expert workmen setting stone, and the work is progressing rapidly.—*Webster Echo*.

It is said that Randolph county has more standing timber than the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined, and has a greater area than Rhode Island.—*Webster Echo*.

Dr. Price has been employed to make weekly professional visits to the William's River lumber camps, where about three-hundred men are at work. At the present time mumps are prevailing among the men.

An old gentleman of this country once said in illustration of his averment, that the Pocahontas winters were mild, that "At Christmas the laurel was in full leaf, and the hens laid as big eggs as they did in June."

While in the village one day last week Mr. Allan Leviat exhibited a bottle which is an heirloom in his family. Its possession can be traced back for more than a hundred years. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and valuable as a curio.

Attorneys L. M. McClintic, W. A. Bratton and County Clerk S. L. Brown, have each made an important addition to their office furniture in Remington type-writers. This is the best type-writer made, and are probably the only first-class type-writers ever in use in the county.

There is an interesting fact connected with the occupancy of the land pre-empted by John McNeil, the pioneer of the Little Levels. He settled near the place where Mr. M. J. McNeil now resides. The old log-house, and stone spring-house, he built yet remain. With the exception of a few fragmentary lots, his vast possessions comprising thousands of acres are still in the possession of his descendants and bid fair to remain for another century or two.

The ladies of Marlinton with their helpers met at the Marlinton church on Friday and did wonders in the way of brightening up the interior. With the new tower, fresh paint, and the deft finishing touches of the many skillful, busy hands put on floor, pews, windows, and pulpit, last week, the church presents a very attractive appearance and speaks well for the four denominations that make up the congregation that gathers Sabbath after Sabbath within its walls.

In Summers county, Miss Lelia Honaker, a pretty 18 year old girl, was saved from death by suicide in a peculiar manner. She went to the bank of a river and plunged in, and her clothes caught on two fish-hooks which were set at that place. A watchman of a bridge near the place, came to her rescue, and pulled her out by the fish-lines. She was unconscious, but was resuscitated. Her step-brother John Carter committed suicide about a month ago.

Ladies' trimmed hats from \$1 up to \$6 at Mrs. Cunningham's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. John E. Campbell, editor of the *Alleghany Sentinel*, and family have been visiting friends and relatives in Pocahontas.

Mr. Wm. A. G. Sharp, a prominent citizen of Frost, was in town last Monday.

Mr. B. S. Dever, of Knapp's Creek, made Marlinton a business trip last Saturday.

Points Moore, who recently started to New Mexico, to seek a milder climate on account of pulmonary trouble, has located in Colorado. Capt. E. A. Smith has returned from Roncouver.

Mr. S. D. Price, of Jackson's River, was in town a few days last week.

Capt. Wm. L. McNeil is prostrated by another attack of paralysis, but at last advises the indications were favorable for an early recovery.

Dr. Page Barlow returned last Thursday with his bride, and is at home near Edray. Congratulations are hereby extended in honour of this auspicious event.

Mr. Jacob Sharp, a prominent citizen of near Edray, is much indisposed by chronic ailments, and is greatly prostrated by nervous debility.

The *Highland Recorder* makes complimentary mention of Dr. and Mrs. Cunningham, and Misses Maud and Daisy Yeager, who were in Monterey.

Died.

E. P. ALEXANDER.

Died, at the residence of Mr. John R. Warwick, near Green Bank, W. Va., on the 6th of May, Rev. Edgar Floyd Alexander, pastor of the Presbyterian church,

surrounded by faithful and loving friends. May the God of all comfort lighten the grief in his distant home by the knowledge of his duty faithfully done. He was buried on the 8th, 10 a. m., at Liberty church, Green Bank. L.

MISS ELIZABETH BRUPPEY.

Died: of consumption, May 1, 1896, aged 17 years, oldest daughter of William and Martha Brupfrey, on Hill's Creek, after a few months suffering. She was a Christian lady, highly respected by all who knew her, but the hand of death has been laid on her, and she has been taken from among her friends, who will mourn their loss, but she left a testimony behind, that she was ready to go at any time.

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee
Thy kindred, and their graves may be,
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.
W. B. H.

Elk.

Perhaps a few items from this part of the country would not be objectionable.

Rev. Sharp preached an interesting sermon here last Sunday, at which time a Sunday School was organized.

The farmers are busy planting corn.

Oats are looking fine this season and the outlook for good crops is favorable.

Randolph Hambrick had a horse choked to death on oats last Saturday night.

John Hannah, who has been visiting his daughters in Randolph and Webster counties, has returned home.

Draper Wees an accomplished stone mason, from Highland county, will work on Elk this summer. Those who want work done in this line will do well to call on him.

FARMER'S BOY.

The White House of the Confederacy is now used for a colored school house.

There are twenty-five women running country papers in Kansas.

Clover Lick.

We are having fine growing weather. Just now small grain is looking well. Some corn has been planted.

Mrs. Sellie Ligon is improving in health, we are glad to state.

Dr. Ligon has been called to see Rev. E. F. Alexander, who is very sick. Mr. Mack McAlpine, also is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Howard Meeks has been quite unwell for some weeks with rheumatism. He is getting better.

Mr. Andrew Myers, of Virginia, is here doing some work on his farm.

R. H. Dudley is having a lot of the "Ligon Fence" built. This is the fence for this country and every farmer ought to invest in a right to use the patent.

Joe Gibson, of Monterey, is here drumming for wool for Bishop & Bro., and offering 16 cents per lb. in goods which are very cheap.

NOT DROWNED.

Peter Kramer, who is supposed to have been drowned, was turned up again, and is now visiting his brother, Phillip Kramer.

NEW BIRD.

Howard Showalter, of this place, and Joe Gibson, of Monterey, on their way to Linwood, caught on the top of Elk Mountain a queer bird of the species of water fowl, and pronounced by good naturalists to be a curlew.

The curlew is an aquatic bird of the genus *Numenius*, and the gallinaceous, and the grallaceous order. It has a long bill; its color is diversified with ash and black; and the largest species spread more than three feet of wing. It frequents the seashore in winter, and in summer retires to the mountains. This bird is of the same family with the wood-cock and sand-piper and is much prized for food. Its various species are widely scattered over both continents.

Dr. John McLaughlin, of Addison, has been to see his relations in this county.

Sheep buyers get your mutton faces fixed up! There is a fine lot of lambs in this neighborhood.

BLUBAKER.

Lobelia.

Fine growing weather. Corn planting is the order of the day. Fine prospects for fruit, in this section of the county.

Mr. R. W. Hill, of Academy, took a fine lot of cattle to the mountains last week.

Mr. H. L. Casebolt has a fine cow for sale, near Lobelia.

Mr. John Eagle, who went to Webster to work, cut his foot badly, that he has not been able to work since March the 15th.

Wanted: a lady to take charge of house and family, good house, reference furnished on application, W. B. Hill, Lobelia, W. Va.

Rev. D. O. Hedrick preached two grand sermons at Mt. Olive Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. Clark and family are at home on a visit, from Highland county, Va.

ON OBSERVER.

That Same Old Hawk.

This town has several alarms every day. Every family keeps a lot of chickens, and there is a certain hawk which is absolutely fearless of man and drops down in plain view to capture a fresh victim. Shots, scare-crows, and noise are nute to him, and he is thriving on his fare. A lady informed a reporter that it was the "Impudentest critter she ever seen." This is an awful "cuss-word" with her set, and generally used only in speaking of some of our young men who loaf about town. The hawk ought to be abated, and if only the town had been incorporated a reward would be placed on his head by the council. We lack organization.

BIBLICAL QUESTION.

In reply to a query of our Green Bank correspondent, as to which verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except one. Messrs. Lewis Yeager and Lock Kee give the same answer, to-wit: Ex. 7:21 contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J.

Miss Maud Mason, of Hunterville, also sends the correct answer, and asks the question, how often does the word and occur in the Old Testament?

A man named Daniel has just passed an examination in theology at Troy, Kansas.

Green Bank.

We are having fine growing weather. Corn planting is the order of the day in this part of the county.

Meers, E. F. and C. O. Arbogast will have near fifty acres in corn this season.

Died: On the 6th of May, 1895, at Mr. J. R. Warwick's, Rev. E. F. Alexander, after eight days of great suffering caused by stricture of the bowels. Our hearts are heavy for we loved him as a brother, for no one knew him but to love him, and he was never known to speak harshly of any one. His remains were laid to rest in the beautiful grove at Liberty church, of which he was pastor.

Loving friends weep not for me; I long to be at rest,

How happy, happy shall I be When pillow'd on my Saviors breast Oh, the hope the hope is sweet,

That we soon in heaven may meet, There we all shall happy be—

Rest from pain and sorrow free.

(Written by a friend.)

Died: On the 5th inst. at her home two miles above here, 'Aunt' Jenny Gillispie, after a long life, she being 86 years old. She was a member of the Methodist church, South, and enjoyed the religion of Christ daily.

J. H. Curry is suffering from something like lagrippo, and has in a measure lost his speech again.

Mr. William H. Holl is off to Beverly to attend Court. Miss Leila accompanied him to her aunt's, Mrs. W. T. McClintic.

Born: To Mr. and Mrs. Snoden Cooper, a girl, (not a boy, was stated in last week's issue.)

BIG FOOT.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of WEST VIRGINIA,
POCAHONTAS COUNTY, to-wit:
At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, May the 6th, 1895.

James M. Turner

versus

Samuel D. Bright, Elizabeth Bright, his wife; Medora Tracy; Phoebe R. Ervine; E. N. Ervine, her husband; Eliza Stone and Daniel Stone, her husband; the unknown heirs of Mary Wilfong, deceased; Emma Rider, heir of Ann Turner, deceased, and Hugh Rider, her husband; Sarah Doyle and George W. Doyle, her husband; J. O. Arbogast, Administrator of John W. Davis, dec'd; Robert G. Slaton; and Robert Ervine.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree of partition of the lands of John Bright, deceased, among his heirs, containing about 45 acres, on which Robert Ervine now resides, if fractionable, and if not, to sell said land and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto. And it appearing by affidavit filed that Emma Rider, Hugh Rider, Eliza Wilfong, George W. Doyle, Sarah Doyle, and the unknown heirs of Mary Wilfong, deceased, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said Circuit Court, this 6th day of May 1895.

J. H. PATTERSON,
ANDREW PRICE, p. q. Clerk.
M. H. ERVINE, p. q. Clerk.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to-wit: At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said County, on Monday, May 6th, 1895.

In the matter of School Lands
Pocahontas County, W. Va.,
B. M. Yeager, Commissioner.

State of West Virginia,

vs.

A tract of 2430 acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 20 acres, a tract of 15 acres, a tract of 32 acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 3 acres, a tract of 271 acres, a tract of 2300 acres, a tract of 304 acres, a tract of 1623 acres, a tract of 277 acres, a tract of 100 acres, a tract of 210 acres, a tract of 800 acres, a tract of 2 acres, a tract of 11 acres, a tract of 6 acres, a tract of 84 acres, a tract of 1500 acres.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree from the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County to sell the above named tracts of land for the benefit of the school fund of West Virginia, having been forfeited for the non-payment of taxes.

The following tracts set out below are those of the above named tracts in which non-residents are interested as owners or claimants, with the general description and location of each:

1st—A tract containing 30 acres, situated in Edray District of said county, forfeited in the name of Francis Adkinson for non-entry on the land books of said county, owned by the heirs of Hannah Cloonan, and being a part of the old Abel Adkinson tract.

2d—A tract of 14 acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek, and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

3d—A tract of 32 acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, and lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

4th—A tract of 3 acres of land situated in or near the town of Huntersville, forfeited in the name of George Craig for non-entry on the land books of said county.

5th

New York, Paris and Berlin command but forty-two square miles of territory as great as ours in London.

Among the European countries Germany by far outstrips her neighbors in the number of electric railways, both in operation and course of construction.

At the year 1892 advance, it will, in all probability, be found that manufacturing, commercial and agricultural interests will show signs of increasing prosperity.

Graduates in Woolwich and Sandhurst, in England, to St. Cyr, in France, to the German, Austrian and Russian military academies, are all obtained by open competitive examinations or by appointments, tempered by the same.

Night refugees in Paris shelter the arts. The nine establishments in 1892 were used by 187 actors, forty-three singers, seventy-one musicians, twelve pianists, twenty architects, 308 artists (painters), fourteen authors and eighteen journalists.

Twenty years ago Dr. E. H. Dewey, of Meadville, Penn., wrote a book proving that the way to be healthy was to go without breakfast. The cult has lived since then, and, according to the New London (Conn.) Day, there are more than one hundred persons in that town who eat no breakfast.

The proportion of women suicides to that of men is small; whether because their moral courage is less, their spiritual courage more or their woes lighter, it would be interesting to know. It may, however, be safely assumed that the last named is not the reason, observes the New Orleans Picayune.

The importance of forestry is urged by Professor W. T. Thistleton Dyer on account of the probability that the supply of timber may be exhausted before that of coal. It further appears in view of our complete dependence upon the products of the vegetable kingdom for the necessities of our existence.

One of the tendencies of the age in the way of railroad improvement, noted by the New York Telegram, is the increased length of rails. The Pennsylvania has laid a few miles of sixty-foot rails, and the Lehigh Valley has been trying forty-five-foot rails. Now the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo will lay a few miles of the sixty-foot rails as an experiment. The utility of the long rail is that it requires fewer joints, and, in consequence, affords smooth riding.

The growth of scholarships in the leading universities of this country is one of the best signs of educational progress, declares the San Francisco Chronicle. A scholarship can only be obtained by a good student who has mastered his specialty, but at Cornell University the system is now tried of offering eighteen scholarships, each worth \$200 for two years, to freshmen who pass certain special examinations in addition to the usual test for matriculation. If many of our colleges spent less money on buildings and more on scholarships the work done would be greatly improved in quantity and quality.

"Dime Novel" Baudile, the man who became famous as the publisher of "dime novels" long before cheap literature was so plentiful as it is now, died at residence in Cooperstown, N. Y., recently, announces the New Orleans Picayune. Seeing the immense profit to be made on cheap and sensational literature, in 1859 Mr. Baudile established a printing office for that purpose in New York, and thus became the forerunner of the many concerns which now flood the country with family stories—stories that fill the small boy's heart with delight and his soul with execration. Parents and police who have been called on to discipline little boys whose books have been torn by the wild adventures of "Blue Dick, the Rover Tough," and stories of that ilk, hardly regard Mr. Baudile as a public benefactor, but, on the other hand, one must remember with sinking thoughts that he imagined the movement that got the best thoughts—the greatest books—within the reach of the poor.

LIVING CONTRASTS.

Portions of roses and whistling of birds,
Portions of sweet June days,
Glistening glasses and transparent words,
Shaded woodland ways;
Harkening brooks and whispering trees,
Drowsy song of the soft hummimg bees;
Hope, love, trust, peace
I and he, he and I.
And besides—

Wistful whistling of the fallen, dead leaves,
Sullen and lowering the sky;
Crumpling mire, mud and earth as the
gloves,
Mourning for days gone by;
Sorrows roaming 'neath bare, leafless trees,
Daily times sweeping o'er lone, barren
lens;

Sorrows, doubts, tears,
And besides—
I alone, only I.

BREAKING THE ICE.



HEN William Larker irrevocably made up his mind to take Mary Kuchenbach to the great county picnic at Blue Bottle Springs, he did not tell his father, as was his custom in most matters. To a straight-laced old Dunkard like Herman Larker the very thought of attendance upon such a carnival, with its round dancing and square dancing, would have seemed almost impurity. Henry Kuchenbach was likewise a member of that strict sect, but not quite so narrow in his ideas as his more pious neighbor. Yet to him also the suggestion of his daughter becoming a participant in such frivolity would have met with scant approval.

But William was longing to dance. For many years he had secretly and fondly cherished the belief that he was possessed of much inborn ability in that art—genius compelled to remain dormant by the narrowness, the strictness of his family's ideas. Many a rainy afternoon had he given vent to his desire by swinging corners and *feux-à-deur-ing* about his father's barn floor, with no other partner than a wheat sheaf, and no other music than that produced by his own capacious lips.

It was for this reason that when on one beautiful July day William Larker, attired in his best—a plain black frock coat, trousers of the same material reaching just below his shoetops, a huge derby hat no longer black, but green, as a result of long exposure to the elements, and a new pair of shoes well tallow—stepped into his buggy, tapped his sleek mare with the whip and started at a brisk pace toward the Kuchenbach farm, his stern parent believed that he was going to the great bush-meeting at Bunkertown, twelve miles up the pike, and was devoutly thankful to see his son growing in piety, and when Mary Kuchenbach, buxom and rosy, wearing a plain black dress, the somberness of which was relieved solely by a white kerchief about the neck, and a gray poke bonnet, as became one of her sect, climbed up and took the vacant place beside him, Henry Kuchenbach, standing at the gate with his wife by his side, called after them as the vehicle rattled away: "Be sure an' tell Preacher Book when he comes this way to stop in an' get that crook 'o' sausages we've be'n keepin' fur now yer own. All over."

She had seated herself upon a stump, and he was leaning against a tree a few feet away.

"Good dancin'. Jest look at them three ceety fellers, with their high shiny hats, a swingin' corners. Now a'n't they cuttin' it? Next comes a la-man all! Jest watch 'em—they two in th' fur set, th' way they throw their feet—th' gal in pink with th' fellor in short pants and a striped coat. Now back. Thet there's dancin', I tell yer. Mary. 'Gents dosey-dough' next. Thet 'ere fellor don't call figgers loud enough. There they go—bad in the near set—that's better. See them ceety fellers agin—swingin' partners! Grand chain! Good all 'round—no—there's a break. See that girl in blue satting—she's turned too soon. Thet's better—tother way—bow yer corners—now yer own. All over."

The music stopped and the dancers, panting from their exertions, fanning and mopping, left the platform and scattered among the audience.

William Larker's eyes were aglow with excitement. The opportunity of his life had come. He was to dance to real music, with a real flesh and blood partner, after all those years of secret practice with a wheat sheaf in the seclusion of his father's barn. He would put his arms around Mary Kuchenbach, afeat for the accomplishment of which he had probably longed more than the other. While his companion, seated upon the stump, gazed curiously, timidly, at the gay crowd around her, he, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, stood frigidly before her, mentally picturing the pleasure to come.

"I ain't never b'n ter one o' them picnics an' I feel afraid."

Then there was a silence between them—a silence broken only at rare intervals, when one of the pair ventured some commonplace remark, which was always rewarded with a laconic reply of "Yais" or "Yer don't say!"

Up hill and down rattled the buggy, following the crooked country road across the wide valley. Over three low, wooded ridges, then several miles up the broad meadows that line the picturesque Juniata, it wended its way, until at length the green grove in the centre of which lies the Blue Bottle Spring was reached.

The festivities had already begun. The outskirts of the woods were filled with vehicles of every description—buggies, buckboards, spring wagons, omnibuses and ancient phaetons.

The horses had been unhitched and tied to trees and fences, and were munching their midday meal of oats, gnawing the bark from limbs or kicking at the flies, while their owners

gave themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. After having soon his mare comfortably settled at a small chestnut, from which she began playfully tearing all the foliage, and taken the lunch basket on one arm and his companion on the other, William Larker proceeded eagerly to the inner portion of the grove, the portion from whence came the sounds of the fiddle and concert.

They passed through the outer circle of elderly women, who were unpacking baskets and tastefully arranging their contents on table-cloth, spread on the ground—jars of pickles, cans of fruit, bags of sandwiches, bottles of cold tea, and the scores of other dainties necessary to pass a pleasant day with nature. They went through another circle of peanut, watermelon, lemonade and ice-cream venders, about which were grouped many elderly men discussing the topics of the day and exchanging greetings, and at length arrived at the centre of interest, the dancing platform. The young Dunkards joined the crowd, which was watching the course of the dance with eager interest.

An orchestra of three pieces, a bass viol, a violin and a cornet, operated by three men in shirt sleeves, sent forth wheezy strains to the time of which men and women, young, old and middle-aged, gayly swang corners and partners, galloped forward and back, made ladies' chains and gentlemen's chains, winding in and out and then back and bowing until William Larker and his companion fairly grew dizzy. The crowd of dancers was a heterogeneous one.

There were young men from the neighboring country town, gorgeous in blazers of variegated colors; there were young farmers whose movements were not in the least impeded by the sombre, heavy clothing, or the high-crowned, broad-rimmed hats that they wore; there were a few particularly forward youths in bicycle stire, and three gay young men from the neighboring city of Harrisburg, whose shining high silk hats and dancing pumps made them the envy of their more rustic companions. The women, likewise, in beauty and dress, went to both extremes. Gayly flowered, airy calico, cashmere and gingham bobbed about among shining, frigid satins and silks as modest as their owners in demeanor. Now in apparently inextricable chaos; now in perfectly orderly form—six sets; now winding into a dazzling mass of silk, calico, high silk hats and blazers, then out again went the dancers.

"Oh, a'n't it grand!" exclaimed Mary Kuchenbach, clasping her hands.

"That's good dancin', I tell yer," her companion replied, enthusiastically.

She had seated herself upon a stump, and he was leaning against a tree a few feet away.

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The man with the bass viol began to rub resin on his bow; the violinist was tuning up and the cornetist giving the stops of his instrument the usual preliminary practice, when the floor manager announced the next dance. One after another the couples sifted from the crowd and clambered upon the platform.

"Two more couple," cried the conductor.

"Come along, Mary. Now's our chance," whispered the young Dunkard to his companion.

"Oh, B-e-e, really I can't. I never danced in publick afore."

"But you kin. It ain't hard. All you'll ter do is ter keep yer feet a-movin' an' do what the fellor that's pullin' biggs says."

The girl hesitated.

"One more couple!" scolded the door master.

"You kin dance with th' best ov 'em. Come along."

"Really, no. I'm too nervous. Just wait."

The twang of the fiddle commanded; the cracked, quavering notes of the horn arose above the buzz of conversation.

"Bow yer partners—partners," cried the leader. And the young man sat down on the stump in disgust.

"We'll ter git in th' next," he said. "Why it's dead easy. Yer see, this 'ers only a plain quadriga. Youse orto see one 'et ain't plain. One of them where they had such figures as 'first lady on th' war dance,' like they done at the big weddin' up at Bunkertown three years ago. These is plain. I've never danced before myself, but I've seen 'em do it, an' I've be'n practicin'. All you'll hav ter do is mind me."

And so the following dance found the pair on the platform among the first. The girl trembling, blushing and self-conscious; the young man self-conscious, but triumphant and composed.

"Bow yer partners," cried the floor master, when the orchestra had started its scraping.

Down went the gray poke bonnet; down went the great derby, and a smile of joy overspread the broad face beneath it.

"Swing yer partners!"

The great arms went around the plump form, lifting it off its feet; their owner spun round, carefully replaced his burden on the floor, bowed, smiled and whispered, "Ain't et grand?"

"Corners!"

The young woman in blue satin gave a slight scream that was metamorphosed into a giggle as she felt herself swung through space in the arms of the muscular person toward whom she had careened. Her partner, one of the young city men with a high silk hat, grinned and whispered in her ear, "Oat cake."

"Leads for a'd an' back!"

William Larker seized his partner's plump hand and bounded forward, bowing and twisting, his free arm gesticulating in unison with his legs and feet. He was in it now, in the thick of the dance; in it with his whole heart. Whenever there was any dozy-doughing to be done William was there; if a cousin went "visitin'" he was with them; when "Ladies in the center!" was called he was there; in every "Grand chain" he turned the wrong way; he gripped the ladies' hands until they inwardly growned; he tramped on and crushed the patent leather pumps of the young city man, and in response to a muttered something smiled his unconcern, bolted back to his corner and swung his partner, and whispered: "Ain't it grand?" The young women giggled facetiously, and winked at their acquaintances in the next set; the forward youth in the bicycle costume talked about road-sweepers, and the city young man said "Oat cake."

But the young Dunkard was unconscious of it all to the end—the end that came most suddenly and broke up the dancing.

"Swing yer partners!" bawled the door master.

William Larker obeyed. A ragged bit of the sole of his shoe, worn through by shufflin', caught in a crack and over he went, his partner clasped tight in his arms, off the high platform.

There was blood on the big boulder and a gash in William's scalp when he was picked up a moment later and carried down to the spring. The doctors poured water over him and bandaged up his head, and when he recovered his senses he found himself the center of all eyes.

His first glance fell upon the white face of Mary Kuchenbach, who, seated on a stump, was weeping heartily, despite the efforts of a large crowd of sympathizing women to allay her fears. He locked up and his eyes met those of the young woman in blue satin, who was looking down on him, and he saw her giggle, and turn and speak into the crowd. He thought that he noticed a high silk hat and heard the word "Oat cake," and then and there he resolved to return and never again depart from the quiet ways of his fathers.

They drove home in the early morning. William Larker and Mary Kuchenbach. And they had crossed the last ridge and were looking out over the broad valley toward the dark mountains at the foot of which lay their homes, when the first word was spoken.

The girl looked at her companion and said: "B-e-e, ain't dancin' dangerous?"

"The young man cut the mare with the whip, blushed, and with much confusion, replied: "Yais, kinder. But—but—I'm sorry I drug you off th' platform like that."

She covered her mouth with her hand and giggled. William just saw the corner of one of her eyes as she looked up at him from under the gray bonnet, and replied: "Oh! I didn't min' that. It was jes' lovely—tell we hit."

The mare swerved to one side toward the fence and the driver seized the rein he had dropped and pulled her back into the beaten track. Then

the whip fell from his hands and he stopped and clambered down into the road and recovered it. But when he regained his seat in the buggy he wrapped the reins twice around the whip, and the intelligent beast trotted home unguided.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

They cut glass now by electricity. A horseshoe to be affixed without nails has been invented.

Leon Liliensfeld, a young chemist in Berlin, has produced artificial white of egg.

An injured nail on the right hand will be renewed ten days or two weeks sooner than if on the left.

Parisians are introducing porous glass for windows on account of its alleged ventilation facilities.

Cast-iron blocks are being substituted for granite blocks along the tramway rails in Paris streets.

A new application of electro-plating in the sealing of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of chemicals.

A fatal fall from a great height is said to be painless, as unconsciousness precedes the crash of concussion.

The extreme cold of the poles is mainly due to the fact that the Arctic Ocean is certainly, and the Antarctic probably, a land-locked sea.

Lord Kelvin estimates that the "running slow" of the earth in its daily rotation round its axis amounts to twenty seconds per century.

Careful computation shows that the total capacity of generators and motors in use in railway work in the United States aggregate half a million horse-power.

Southampton, England has a furnace for burning garbage which cost \$18,000. It consumes from twenty-five to fifty tons of garbage daily at an annual expense of \$1100.

Soap has been substituted for wax on the recording surface of the phonograph by a Berlin inventor. The advantage gained is that soap is unaffected by ordinary changes of temperature.

An enterprise on foot is the collection of wave power on the seashore by building conical tunnels in the rock, up which the billows will send the water to be collected for use in elevated reservoirs at the top.

An instrument known as the "gastograph" has been constructed for the purpose of recording the action of the stomach of a patient under treatment, the movements of the food while it is undergoing chemical action being carefully and minutely recorded by means of electricity.

According to Invention, a building has recently been erected by Herr Wagner, an architect at Limburg, solely of materials formed of ashes, without any admixture of sand. It is claimed that hard natural stones of almost every variety have been successfully imitated with this very cheap material.

The Danger From Matches.

We wonder how our ancestors managed to get along

IN THE RANKS.

A CAVALRYMAN'S LIFE IN THE SEVENTH ARMY.

A Short While of Peace—Learning to Drill and Ride—On the March—Play Blood With Work.

THE life of a soldier in the service of Uncle Sam is but vaguely understood by civilians, even W. J. Roads in the New York *Advertiser*. Many people imagine that the enlisted man has nothing stock to do but to loaf around in worn barracks, eat good food in plenty, draw and spend his pay and worry his mind about nothing. His position is secure and his salary is certain, therefore what better could a man want?

This is doubtless the opinion of many men when they enlist as recruits, but before the two years necessary to the making of a good soldier have elapsed he finds that soldiering is anything but a bed of roses.

After a citizen has signed the enrollment papers at the recruiting officer's office in the city, has been examined and accepted and assigned to a troop in the cavalry service—assuming that he has enlisted in that arm of the service—he is sent to the post where his troop is stationed. At Fort Riley (Kansas) there are detachments of recruits now in process of training for cavalrymen, and it is of their daily life that this article will treat.

The recruit is either sent to the post from Fort Sheridan, Jefferson Barracks, David's Island or Columbus Barracks, according to the locality of his former home, and when he arrives at the post is sent to the recruit barracks. Lieutenant Lewis, of the Second Cavalry, is now in charge of recruits, and Sergeant Dolan, Troop I, Seventh Cavalry, one of the oldest men in the cavalry service, is their drill master. If the recruits arrive in citizens' clothes, uniforms and other clothing necessary to the soldier are given to them. The clothing is warm, substantial and well made.

The newcomers are put through a thorough medical examination by the surgeons, immediately upon their arrival and are all vaccinated. When they are ready to begin soldier life in earnest they are issued arms and equipments and their education fairly begins. But they do not have a fine horse to ride, nor are they placed at once in the ranks of the troop to which they have been assigned, by any means. There is a probationary period averaging sixty days, during which the poor recruits wish they were safe at home again every time the sun goes down. Their instructions begin in a very tame manner. A drill master takes them out upon the broad parade ground, surrounded on three sides by the quarters of the cavalrymen, and there puts them through their paces, in full view of the old soldiers, who "guy" them unmercifully at times. After they have been taught to stand in a comparatively straight line, to march in fours and in single file, they are taught a "setting up drill," which is a series of calisthenic exercises, tending to strengthen the muscles and give agility and

strength to the body. They are a queer looking lot of men, when one sees them in the forenoon, in the parade ground, pumping their arms up and down like the fans of a windmill and turning this way and that as the drill master utters his sharp, authoritative commands. If the recruit is unmerciful or sluggish in his movements, or is inclined to be funny, men are always found to make him look upon the various sides of the business and that without delay.

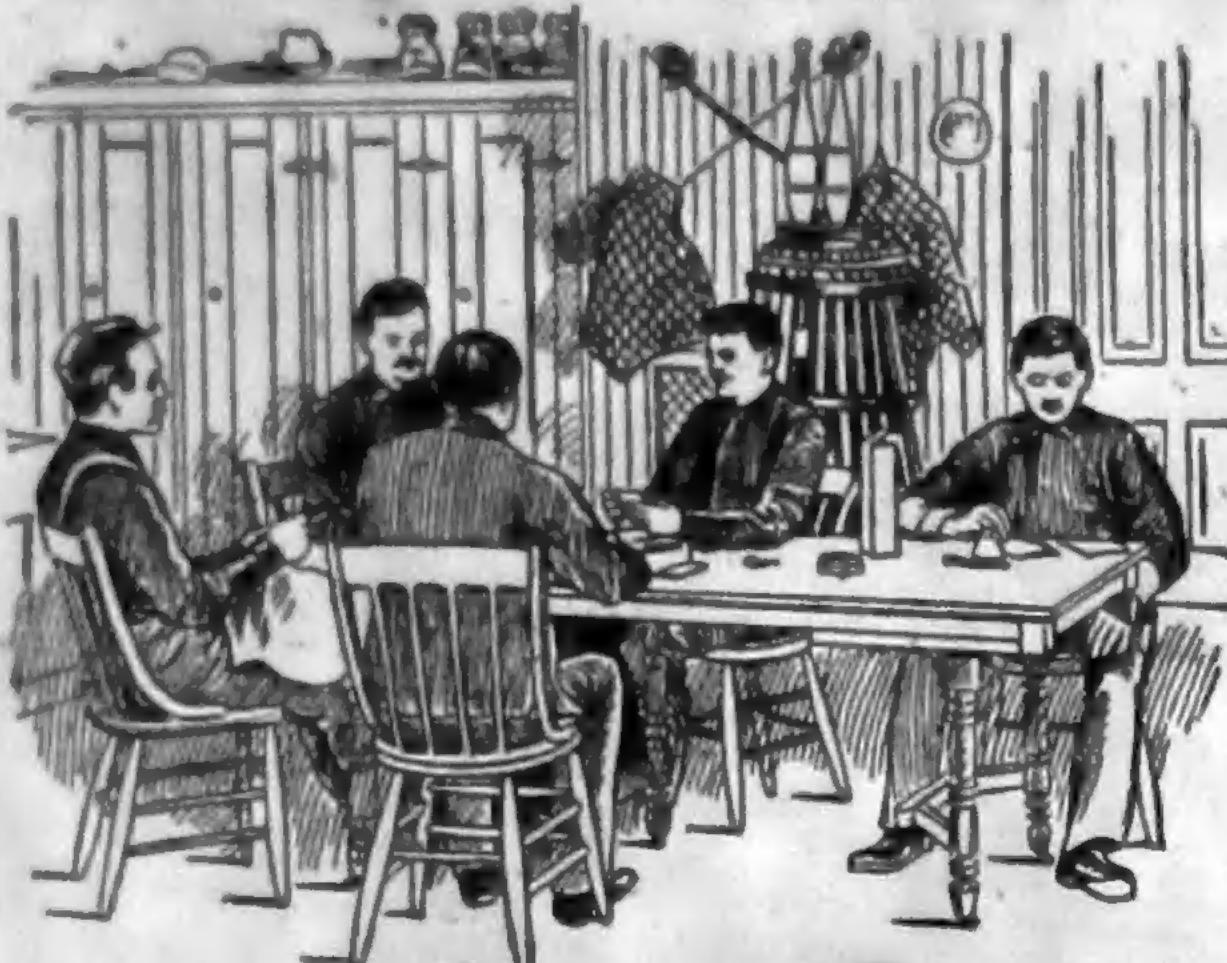
One of the first facts that dawn upon the brain of the new men is that there is a very wide gulf between an officer and an enlisted man. He is educated to this fact carefully and thoroughly and is shown how properly to make

an officer when necessary. This is a lesson he never forgets, for it is put into daily use as long as he is a soldier. After marching, and facing, and wheeling, and walking over the rough parade ground until he is tired and stiff and sore, the recruit is given his arms. He is taught the nature and certain drill movements and later the manual of the pistol is added. Days pass before he progresses to this point, however, and they are days of the heaviest sort of work, which seem never to have an end. He eats ravenously at the big mess hall during this time, for he has not yet cultivated that abhorrence for steamed beef that will come to him later. He will see

riding hall, which is the largest in the world, except one, and there, in the middle of the hall, sees an officer on a horse. He never imagined a man looked so well on a horse before. Of course, he will be a rider, too, in a day or two. The column of recruits, mounted now upon regular cavalry horses, move forward at a walk. Isn't it delightful. Covering more distance than they used to cover on the parade ground pounding sand and without effort.

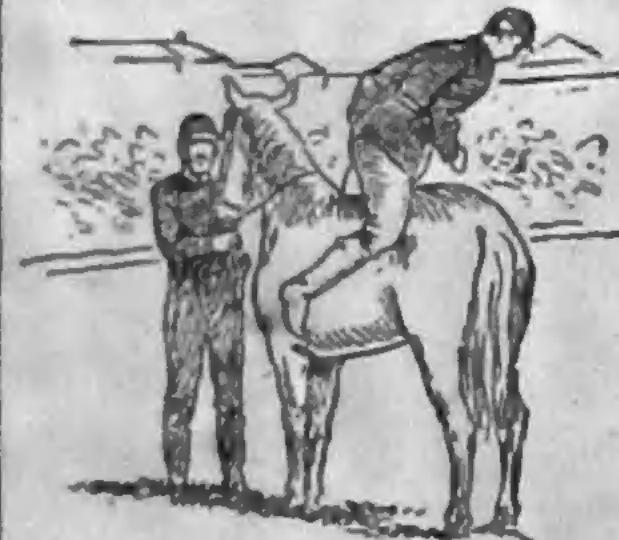
The horses are wheeled into single file, and then comes the command "trot!"

The illusion of luxury is dispelled! That horse seems to come down stiff-



THE JOLLY SIDE OF SOLDIER LIFE.

the day when he will hate the sight of a cow alive or dead, and will not be on speaking terms with a butcher for the remainder of his natural life. But he hasn't attained that point yet. He has an appetite entirely out of proportion to Government rations, and would eat three times his portion of everything if he could get it. The easy marching and slow drills he has seen and which he thought were nothing allied to work are beginning to have weight. The tedium is becoming oppressive and he longs for the time to come when he will be able to look out



NO LONGER A NOVICE.

of his barracks and see some other poor recruit "pounding sand" on that terrible parade ground as he has been doing.

But there comes a day when he is told that he is to have a horse. He hails it with delight. He has never been on a horse's back in his life, but

legged, all four at one time, and the recruit's anatomy receives such a succession of jars that his teeth clatter and he grabs the tree of the saddle for support. The sharp eye of the officer is upon him, however, and he has to let go of that dear saddle instantaneously. Bumpety, bump, he goes around the big hall, time and again. Will the command "halt" never come?

Two hours of torture, and his forenoon's work is finished. When he gets off his horse his knees tremble under him and he walks from choice at a broad-gauge gait. When he sits down to his dinner the board benches seem to be full of lumps, spots become sore, and for a week he is in a frame of mind to prefer a hot griddle and harder than he ever noticed them to be before. He is experiencing some of the delights of soldiering, but he still has a little pluck left.

The second day is worse than the first, and he loses small portions of skin from the constant rubbing of the saddle. These to a cavalry saddle to sit upon. He cannot stop, however, for he has set out to be a soldier and a soldier he will be if his flesh and bones hold out.

Before he is fairly accustomed to the use of his feet in the stirrups, and just when he is beginning to catch the knack of supporting himself upon them and relieve that terrible bumping, his sabre and carbine are given him, and he is instructed in their use, mounted.

That is the last straw. He has no use of his hands to help balance himself, and he gets a worse pounding than ever. But all good times must have an end, and within a few weeks he rides fairly well in the riding hall and the period of galling unpleasantness is at an end. His education in riding, the use of sabre, carbine and pistol progresses rapidly, and eventually, say at a period averaging about sixty days from his arrival at Fort Riley, he finds himself in his troop an "instructed recruit," ready for any service which the troop may be called upon to perform. But he still has that odious name clinging to him and will have it until another detachment of recruits join the troop. Then he will be called a cavalryman and the newcomers will be recruits until the next detachment comes.

Turning now to the old soldiers, that is, all those who have served three years or thereabouts—and some of them have served nearly thirty—let us see how they live, and what they do. Reveille is sounded at 6:30 in the morning, and breakfast is at 7. The drill hour comes some time between 8 and 12 o'clock, according to the schedule laid down for each troop, and after drill comes dinner. At 4:30 in the afternoon "stables" is sounded, and every man not on special duty or on sick report, must groom his horse to the satisfaction of the officer in charge. At 5:30 or 6 o'clock, according to the season of the year, supper is served in the mess hall, and after that the men amuse themselves in their quarters, playing cards, checkers, chess and other games until bed time.

Some of the troops have literary associations and libraries. Books, novels, periodicals and magazines are to be found here in profusion, and in the society or amusement halls are billiard and pool tables, boxing gloves, fencing foil, dumb bells, etc., which are in constant use by the men. Of course other duty is to be performed other than the routine work. About every fifteen days the soldier is detailed for guard duty, and he may be detailed by the officers for special duty at any

time. Some of the men, in most cases Southerners or Germans, work for the officers during the hours they are free from duty in their troops. These men are in many cases looked upon with disfavor by their comrades for doing menial service, and the soldiers call them "dog robbers." There are some excellent men, however, who are not averse to earning almost double pay in this way, and it is a question whether their judgment is not better than that of the other men who look down such work as menial.

The barracks are roomy, well ventilated, clean to a degree, and very comfortable. The cots are of iron, with good mattresses and plenty of blankets. The rooms are all heated by steam, and are supplied with wash and bath rooms for the use of the men. Each barrack is under the charge of a first sergeant, who is responsible for the cleanliness of the rooms, as well as for the property of the troop. These non-commissioned officers have a room to themselves, in the same building with their troops.

Troop messes were abandoned some years ago at Fort Riley, and a consolidated mess was substituted. This derives some income from the canteen and store, but nothing very magnificent in the way of menu is served. There is beef and substantial food in plenty, and the men all admit that the quality is of the best, but a system of cooking by steam is in use here, and roast beef is unknown. Steam beef is to all intents and purposes like boiled beef, and boiled beef 365 days in the year is monotonous to say the least. The men have sweetened coffee, without milk, and bread without butter, at every meal. The officers agree that the Government ration should be so changed as to feed the men at least properly. The old

ration, established for field use in war times, is still in vogue, and the men are allowed only about eleven cents a day for subsistence. There can be no doubt that radical changes are needed in the department, and ought to be made, if the sentiments and opinions of both officers and men amount to anything.

As matters in the mess hall now are, the men frankly admit that no cause for desertion in the army is so strong as the mess hall. Many of the men take their meals at the restaurant in the canteen, as long as their pay lasts. These men therefore are simply soldiering for their board, and not the best board at that.

Aside from this one point, Fort Riley is an ideal military station. The buildings and everything in them is of the best, and the location of the post is one of the most delightful in the United States.

A Noted Yacht Designer.

This is the picture of the noted yacht designer of Bristol, R. I., who has gotten up one successful America's Cup defender and has submitted plans for a fast sailer to meet Lord Dunraven's new challenger. Mr.



NAT HERRESHOFF.

Herreshoff designed the *Vigilant*, the *Colonia*, the *Gloriana*, the *Drusilla*, the *Mineola* and many other boats which have distinguished themselves at home and abroad.

The Modern Nimrod.



He looks for game on every limb, whilst they are making game of him.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

WOOL CLOTHING.

A thing about which women are apt to be careless is the proper mending and airing of their wool garments. Men of judgment are most particular to see that each woolen suit is hung out of doors after a single wearing, as they realize that colored wools never quite lose the smell of dye and also contract an unpleasant animal odor, even when the garment is kept scrupulously clean. In this matter it is wise to give both skirts and coats an occasional mending, and winter, as well as summer, waist linings will become somewhat unpleasant after continued use. An easy and efficacious way of refreshing them is to use water dashed with ammonia and lightly applied with a small stiff brush. It is not necessary to let the moisture penetrate the goods, but if deftly done only the lining is allowed to get wet.

PINE LAUNDRY WORK.

The exquisitely fine silk-wrought table-linen of the present day demands something more in the cleaning process than the ordinary laundry is likely to give it. The wash-board and boiling suds are scarcely the thing for this modern luxury, and as the housewife is frequently lacking in the knowledge requisite for doing such work to the best advantage, it will soon be in order to have specially detailed servants for this purpose.

It has been suggested that there are, in almost every well-to-do community, women, young and old, who want something to do. While they would not, perhaps, take up ordinary washing as a business, there would be no objection to arranging for the renewing of the beauties of such elegant articles. It takes experience, judgment and some knowledge of chemicals to do such work to the best advantage.

One lady, whose household looks to her hands for all of its provisions, has for some time been doing up table-linen for her acquaintances and for a few of the wealthy families who appreciate such an undertaking. She found it impossible to cleanse these articles without fading on account of the acids and alkalies in the soap she was able to purchase, so she went to work and made her own soap, and with the happiest results. Instead of an occasional piece she now has all she can do with the help of a skilled assistant. The finest colored embroideries, the most elegant laces and fringes, are made to look like new by her careful fingers and a goodly income is the result of her painstaking and industry.—*New York Ledger*.

REASONABLE SALADE.

Onion Salad—Break white bread or biscuit into bits, dry in the oven until sufficiently brittle to rub through a sieve. Boil four eggs hard. With two teaspoonfuls of sifted crumbs mix two small onions chopped, the chopped whites of two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Add lukewarm water to make a smooth mass, place in a glass dish, smooth the top, and rub the yolks of the eggs through a sieve to cover. Cut the remaining whites into rings and scatter over the top.

Potato Salad—Pare or boil six or eight potatoes the size of an egg; slice thin while hot, and mix with the slices a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and four tablespoonfuls of chopped boiled beets. Let stand two hours then mix in lightly a French dressing.

French Dressing—Beat till well blended two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a scant teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Beat till light and foamy.

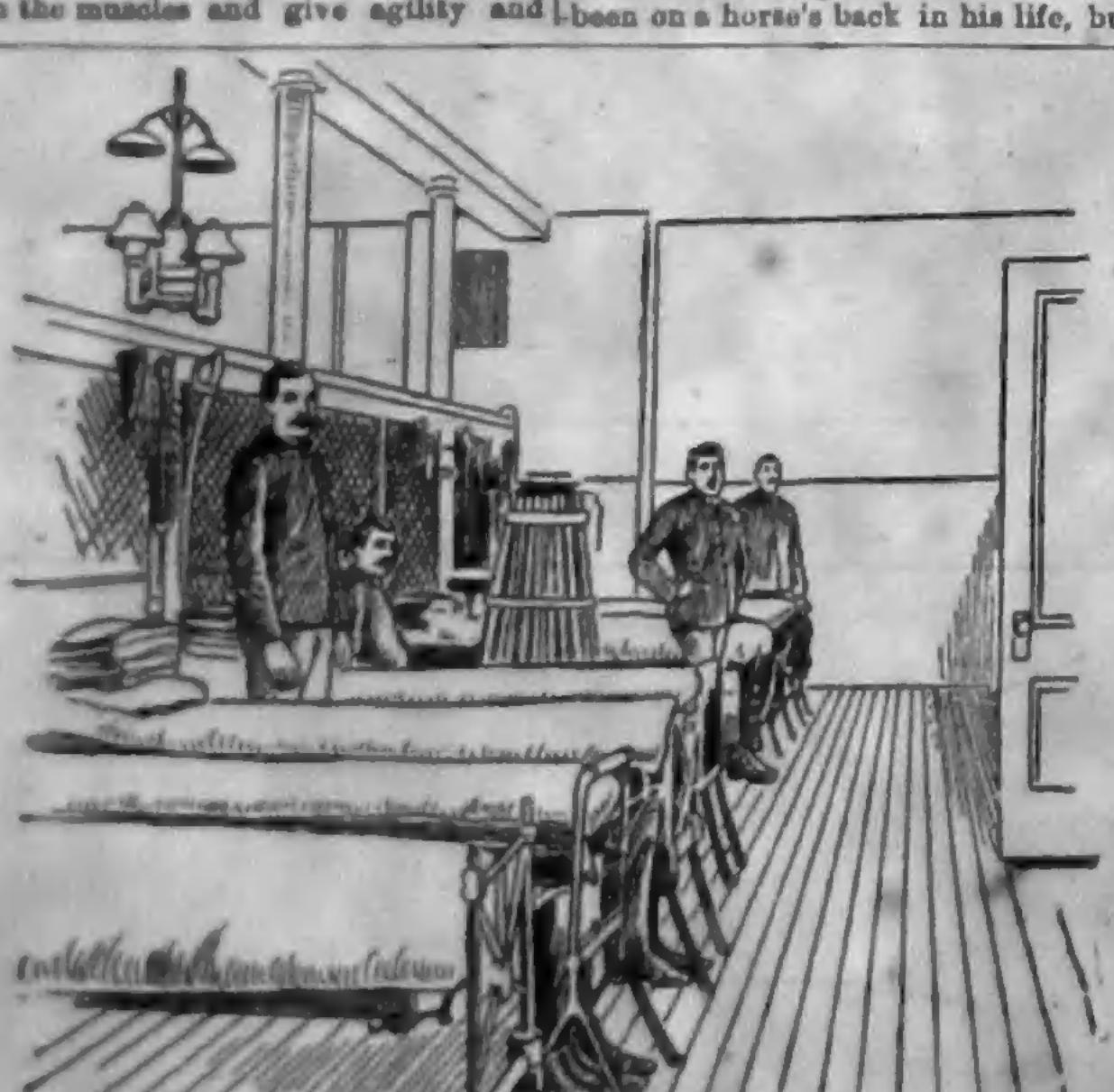
Bean Salad—Drain a pint of Lima beans which have been boiled in salted water till tender but not broken, cut a medium-sized boiled potato in thin slices while hot. Mix with a fork, beans, potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of any cold, chopped meat and a teaspoonful of dry mustard. Place in a salad bowl and pour French dressing over the top.

Codfish Salad—Pull codfish into thin strips, soak twelve hours in cold water, then change to fresh and let lie half an hour. Remove the moisture with a soft towel, dip in melted butter, and broil. While warm shred finely and when cold add a very little vinegar. Place on the top of some finely shredded cabbage and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Mayonnaise Dressing—Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of mustard. Beat in, a little at a time, sixteen tablespoonfuls of melted butter. When a smooth paste results, dilute with vinegar until it is the consistency of thick cream. This dressing keeps well if closely corked.

Ham Salad—Chop remnants of cold boiled ham, mix with a stalk or two of celery cut in bits, or season with celery seed and pour over bacon dressing.

Cold Cream Dressing—Stir to a cream the yolks of two eggs, a scant teaspoonful of thick cream, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a dash of salt and mustard.—*American Agriculturist*.



BARRACKS OF TROOP H, SEVENTH CAVALRY.

supplies to the body. They are a queer looking lot of men, when one sees them in the forenoon, in the parade ground, pumping their arms up and down like the fans of a windmill and turning this way and that as the drill master utters his sharp, authoritative commands. If the recruit is unmerciful or sluggish in his movements, or is inclined to be funny, men are always found to make him look upon the various sides of the business and that without delay.

One of the first facts that dawn upon the brain of the new men is that there is a very wide gulf between an officer and an enlisted man. He is educated to this fact carefully and thoroughly and is shown how properly to make

he knows all about it, nevertheless. He will be a veritable centaur when he gets that horse. He draws his saddle and horse equipments and is told how to use them and to care for them, as well as to groom his horse properly. That is one of the things he didn't think of, but he finds that half an hour every day, from 4:30 to 5 o'clock in the afternoon, has to be spent at the stables, and that if his horse is not groomed to the satisfaction of the inspecting officer, the half hour may lengthen remarkably. But he learns to do this work satisfactorily, and after a few months' practice, does it speedily as thoroughly.

But to go back to the morning of his first ride. He enters the great

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,
Martinton, W. Va.,
April 23, 1895.
J. W. BRADY,
vs.
S. L. Barlow, et al.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the cause styled on the 23rd day of April, 1895, as Commissioner appointed fiduciary, present at my office in the town of Martinton, West Virginia, on the 23rd day of May, to take, state, and report to me in my next term the following:

An account of all liens upon land of the defendant, Silas Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing when and amounts are due and payable.

A statement showing all the land owned by the defendant, as L. Barlow, together with the simple and rental values thereof.

Any other matter deemed pertinent by myself or required by any party in interest.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

NOTICE TO LIEN-HOLDERS.

all persons holding liens by me or otherwise on the real or any part thereof of Silas Barlow:

in pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, in a cause therein pending to subject the real estate of said Silas L. Barlow to the satisfaction of the liens thereon, you hereby required to present all me liens by you and each of you unto the said Silas L. Barlow, in any liens on his real estate or part of it, for adjudication to my office in the town of Martinton, in said county, on or before 20th day of May, 1895.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

Commissioner's Notice.

At a Circuit Court continued and held for the county of Pocahontas, the court-house thereof, on today, April 4th, 1895.

State of West Virginia

VS.

One hundred acres
and

Fifteen acres
the matter of forfeited lands.

In motion of B. M. Yeager, Commissioner of School Lands of this city, the above cause of the State of West Virginia vs. One Hundred acres and Fifteen Acres is referred to C. McNeil, one of the Commissioners of this Court, who shall state, and report to court the owing matters of account, viz:

—Whether or not the two statements forth in the bill as waste and unappropriated lands, are real-waste and unappropriated.

—If waste and unappropriated lands, exact location of said tracts, all other things required to be sorted under chapter 105 of the Code of West Virginia, 1891, as amended by the Acts of West Virginia, 1893.

But before proceeding to take the state and report he shall publish in the POCOHONTAS TIMES, a newspaper published in this county and post at the front door of the art house for four consecutive weeks, a notice of the time and place of taking said account.

A copy, Teste:

J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

The plaintiff and all unknown persons of any part or parcel of the above named 100 acres and 15 acres of land, will take notice at the 23rd day of May, 1895, my office in the town of Martinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia. I will commence the discharge of my duties under above notice, at which time and place all and each of you can attend and state and defend any interests you may have in said tracts of land given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1895. N. C. MCNEIL,

Commissioner.

Special Commissioner.

J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, Martinton, W. Va., April 23, 1895.
Andrew C. Wooddell's ad'm'r.

vs.
Andrew C. Wooddell's heirs, etc.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 23rd day of April, 1895, as Commissioner appointed fiduciary, present at my office in the town of Martinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to wit:

1st.—A statement of the amounts of land of the defendant, Silas Barlow, with their respective amounts and priorities, showing when and amounts are due and payable.

2d.—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d.—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th.—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County rendered on the second day of April, 1895, in the chancery cause of Jas. V. Cackley's executor against Jas. T. Rose.

The undersigned special Commissioner will proceed to sell on the 18th day of June, 1895, in front of the court house door of Pocahontas County, at public auction, to the highest bidder, the tract of land conveyed by James V. Cackley to the said James T. Rose, in the bill and proceedings in above cause mentioned. This land is situated upon the waters of Stamping Creek adjoining the lands of A. D. Grimes' estate, the lands formerly owned by Charles Stewart, and others, is very fertile and well watered and has upon it a comfortable dwelling and necessary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE:—sufficient cash in hand to pay the costs of suit and expenses of sale, and the residue upon a credit of 6 and 12 months, the purchaser giving bonds with approved personal security for the deferred payments, bearing interest from date, and a lien to be retained until all the purchase money is paid. N. C. MCNEIL,

Special Commissioner.

J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, do certify that bond has been executed by the above Special Commissioner as required by law.

J. H. PATTERSON,
Clerk.

19th.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

C. A. SHINNELLER.

10th.

Notice to Trespassers.

All are hereby notified not to trespass on my land in any way by hunting, trapping, tearing down fences or grazing or saltling stock on the pasture land belonging to the St. George Company, which adjoins my farm, and is now in my possession.

W. L. HARPER.

10th.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

C. A. SHINNELLER.

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Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to pass through my place with horses or to trespass on my land in any other way, and that all trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

C. A. SHINNELLER.

10th.

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vs.
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5th.—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th.—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

And if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23rd day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,
Commissioner.

20th.

Notice.

Twenty lives lie between the Empire of Germany and the British throne.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became a man, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

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POCAHONTAS TIMES.

VOL. 12, NO. 42.

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, MAY 17, 1895.

\$1.00 IN ADVANCE.

Official Directory of Pocahontas.

Judge of Circuit Court, A. H. Campbell; Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic; Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast; C. Arpogast; Deputy Sheriff, R. K. Durfee; Clerk County Court, R. L. Moore; Clerk Circuit Court, J. H. Patterson; Assessor, C. O. Arbogast; C. L. Barlow; Commissioner Co Court, G. M. Ken, A. Barlow; County Surveyor, George Hanna; Coroner, George P. Moore; County Commissioner of Health, Dr. J. W. Price, L. M. McClintic, M. J. McNeil, J. C. Arpogast; Justice, A. C. L. Gatewood, Split Rock, Starke Creek, H. Green, Hunterville; Wm. L. Brown, Parsons, G. R. Clegg, Ardley; Thomas Bradley, Lethbridge.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, third Tuesday in June, and third Tuesday in October. County Court convenes on the first Tuesday in January, March, October, and second Tuesday in July, July in every term.

LAW CARDS.

N. C. MCNEIL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

J. M. MCCLINTIC,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

H. S. BUCKER,

ATTY. AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LEWISBURG, W. VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties. Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

ANDREW PRICE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Will be found at Times Office.

SAM. B. SCOTT, JR.

LAWYER,
MARLINTON, W. VA.

All legal business will receive prompt attention.

PHYSICIAN'S CARDS.

DR. O. J. CAMPBELL, DENTIST, MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County at least twice a year. The exact date of each visit will appear in this paper.

DR. J. H. WEYMOUTH,

RESIDENT DENTIST,
BEVERLY, W. VA.

Will visit Pocahontas County every spring and fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in this paper.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, MARLINTON, W. VA.

Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel. All calls promptly answered.

J. M. BARNETT, M. D., HAS LOCATED AT

FROST, W. VA.

Calls promptly answered.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County, to wit. At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, on Monday, May 6th, 1895.

In the matter of School Lands: Pocahontas County, W. Va.

B. M. Yeager, Commissioner.

State of West Virginia,

VS.

A tract of 243½ acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 20 acres, a tract of 1½ acres, a tract of 3½ acres, a tract of 30 acres, a tract of 10 acres, a tract of 3 acres, a tract of 271 acres, a tract of 2,006 acres, a tract of 304 acres, a tract of 1,023 acres, a tract of 277 acres, a tract of 100 acres, a tract of 210 acres, a tract of 78 acres, a tract of 800 acres, a tract of 2 acres, a tract of 11 acres, a tract of 8 acres, a tract of 84 acres, a tract of 1,600 acres.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree from the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County to sell the above named tracts of land for the benefit of the school fund of West Virginia, having been forfeited for the non-payment of taxes.

The following tracts set out below are those of the above named tracts in which non-residents are interested as owners or claimants, with the general description and location of each:

1st—A tract containing 30 acres, situated in Elkay District of said county, forfeited in the name of Francis Atkinson for non-entry on the land books of said county, now owned by the heirs of Hannah Olooman, and being a part of the old Abel Atkinson tract.

2d—A tract of 1½ acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek, and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

3d—A tract of 3½ acres, patented to George Craig, June 30th, 1845, forfeited for non-entry on the land books of said county, and lying on the waters of Knapp's Creek and adjoining the lands of the Frederick Burr Estate.

4th—A tract of 8 acres of land situated in or near the town of Hunterville, forfeited in the name of George Craig for non-entry on the land books of said county.

5th—A tract of land containing 271 acres forfeited for the non-payment of taxes for the year 1892, in the name of Samuel B. Campbell, and purchased by the State of West Virginia, situated on the West Branch of Greenbrier River.

6th—A tract containing 304 acres, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDonald for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

7th—A tract containing 1,023 acres, situated near Big Spring, on Elk, in said county, forfeited in the name of G. W. McDonald, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1891, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

8th—A tract containing 76 acres, situated on the waters of Knapp's Creek, adjoining the lands of L. B. Moore and others, and forfeited in the name of Lauty Lockridge and W. Clegg for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the year 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

9th—A tract containing 800 acres, situated on Middle Mountain in said county, and forfeited in the name of Henry White and Joseph Seebert's heirs, for the non-payment of taxes thereon for the years 1891 and 1892, and purchased by the State of West Virginia.

10th—A tract of 11 acres, forfeited in the name of Peter Herold, on the waters of Elk in said county, adjoining the lands of Susan McLaughlin, for non-entry in the land books of said county.

11th—A tract of 84 acres, on Knapp's Creek situated in the Gap above Hunterville, in said county, in the name of George E. Craig's estate, for the non-entry on Land Books.

12th—A tract of 1,600 acres of land, on the waters of William's River, in said county, located in the name of John Hanna and John J. Jones' Heirs, of the State of Ohio, for non-entry on the Land Books of Pocahontas County for more than five years.

And it appearing by affidavit filed that John Clooman, J. B. Clooman, Alie Clooman, J. N. Craig, the unknown heirs of Samuel B. Campbell, G. W. McDonald, R. C. Turk, J. C. Lewis, Mrs. M. G. Weyrich, A. G. Lockridge, Lee Lockridge, C. Treat Seebert, Mary Seebert, Peter Herold or his unknown heirs, John Hammer and the unknown heirs of John J. Jones, The Shawnee Company, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Maryland, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, and that each one is interested as an owner or claimant in one or more of the above named tracts of land, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 6th day of May, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON, Clerk.

L. M. MCCLINTIC, p. q. [m10.]

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

State of WEST VIRGINIA, POCOHONTAS COUNTY, to wit: At rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of said county, on Monday, May 6th, 1895.

James M. Turner

versus

Samuel D. Bright, Elizabeth Bright, his wife; Medora Tracy & Phebe R. Ervine; E. N. Ervine, her husband; Eliza Stone and Daniel Stone, her husband; the unknown heirs of Hugh Willong, deceased; Emma Rider, heir of Ann Turner, deceased, and Charles B. Bader, deceased; Hugh Doyle, George W. Doyle, her husband; J. C. Arbogast, Administrator of John W. Davis, dec'd; Robert G. Slaton; and Robert Ervine.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree of partition of the lands of John Bright, deceased, among his heirs, containing about 45 acres, on which Robert Ervine now resides, if fractionable, and if not, to sell said land and divide the proceeds among those entitled thereto. And it appearing by affidavit filed that Emma Rider, Hugh Rider, Elias Willong, George W. Doyle, Sarah Doyle, and the unknown heirs of Mary Willong, deceased, are non-residents of the State of West Virginia, it is ordered that they do appear here within one month after the first publication of this order, and do what is necessary to protect their interest in this suit.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of our said Circuit Court, this 6th day of May 1895.

J. H. PATTERSON,

ANDREW PRICE, p. q. Clerk.

M-84.

COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, MARLINTON, W. VA., April 23, 1895,

D. W. Sharp

vs. In Chancery.

S. L. Barlow, et al.

PURSUANT to a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, rendered in the above styled cause on the 2d day of April, 1895, I will, as Commissioner appointed in said decree, proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, in said county, on the first day of June, 1895, to take, state, and report the following matters of account, to wit:

1st—A statement of the accounts of Levi Gay as Administrator of Andrew C. Wooddell.

2d—An account of debts due from Andrew C. Wooddell at the time of his death, with their amounts, priorities, and to whom due.

3d—A settlement of the partnership accounts of Andrew C. Wooddell and W. A. Shearer, who were partners in running and operating a steam sawmill at the time of the death of the said A. C. Wooddell.

4th—A statement showing whether A. C. Wooddell was insolvent at the time he executed the trust deeds to S. B. Moore and Lloyd Moore of which attested copies are filed as parts of the bill in the aforesaid cause, marked Exhibits "E" and "H" respectively.

5th—A statement showing what will be a reasonable fee to allow plaintiff's attorney for prosecuting this suit.

6th—Any other matter deemed pertinent or required by any party in interest.

Aud if for any reason the said report shall not be completed on said day, the same shall be continued from day to day until completed.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

W. A. BRATTON,

Commissioner.

M-84.

Notice to Creditors.

To the Creditors of Andrew C. Wooddell, Deceased:

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of the County of Pocahontas, made in a cause therein pending, to subject the real estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell to the payment of his debts, you are hereby required to present your claims against the estate of the said Andrew C. Wooddell, for adjudication to W. A. Bratton, Commissioner, at his office in the said office on or before the 1st day of June, 1895.

Witness: J. H. Patterson, Clerk of the said Court, this 15th day of April, 1895. J. H. PATTERSON,

15th.

Given under my hand this 23d day of April, 1895.

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Commissioner.

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